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WILLIAM BROSS.

OUR May number contained a biographical sketch and portrait of the gallant Governor Oglesby, whose successful administration of the government of our noble State will long be remembered. We present in the current number its fitting sequel—a life history of his distinguished associate in that administration, Lieutenant Governor WILLIAM BROSS.

The subject of our sketch is one whose history is not only of great interest, but eminently instructive; it is an exemplar of the force with which the true mentality can assert its mastery over the difficulties presented by the most adverse circumstances, in shaping out the destiny of the man. True, it stands not alone, for, under the beneficent institutions of the American Republic, it is permitted to all to assert their native talent, and exert their innate or cultivated powers, to the attainment of the highest position in the scale of society. The great man of our time is self-made. He springs up from the level of a common humanity; not, as in former ages, by mounting on the shoulders of his fellows, and crushing their necks into the dust, but by building up his own pedestal more rapidly and more artistically than they, and benefiting the

strong by showing how his eminence has been achieved. Forced in early life to learn the lesson first taught in the Garden of Eden, that labor is an essential to existence, he cultivates his personal powers while exercising them to sustain life, and thus develops the energy whose constant growth gives an ever-increasing power to cope with new difficulties as they arise. The true secret of his success is industry, perseverance and integrity—qualities at the command of all, but too seldom prized till bitter experience has shown how half a life has been lost through an erroneous estimate of moral values. These solid, sombre virtues are the true gems in the mental store; the jewel of genius, whose uncertain brilliancy too often dazzles, only to mislead, is generally absent, but its lack is always supplied by an abundance of that very scarce article called common sense. The true essentials of success are the clear head, the quick eye, the accurate judgment, the hand able to execute, the will to do, and that calm self-reliance which acts without waiting for the delay of others.

Men of this stamp are recognized by the exhibition of their superior powers, but they are not intuitively accepted as

the leaders of the masses. That position is achieved but slowly, and in the face of the prejudice which is perhaps cognate with the belief that all men are equal. The power must be demonstrated, and the place gained, ere the superiority is acknowledged.

The force with which these results are wrought, swaying and moving the moral world, and through it the physical, finds its fulcrum in the school-room, and its lever in the press. Through these two agencies are accomplished all that is worth doing in the government of the masses. The first develops the mind, and the latter influences and tones its action. The daily issues of the press are the great exponents of popular thought and motion, and are always resorted to by those who would change or vary the popular mind and will. In the hands of the really able man, the newspaper is an engine of great power; it not only records, but it stimulates; it tells what has been done, and sets men to thinking on what might have been accomplished, and what ought next to be done. It is at once an epitome of the present and an index of the future. It treats alike of national policy, municipal progress, commercial development, and social improvement. It indicates, with equal accuracy and facility, the peculiarities of all that comes within the sphere of observation, and uncards facts not hitherto observed; while it also points out the pecuniary, sanitary or moral capital which lies couched in certain conditions and locations, like gold in the unwrought mine, and incites to improvement of the opportunity.

The life record of WILLIAM BROSS contains all these elements of power, manifestation and action. His physical powers were first cultivated by hard labor in the lumber regions; his mental faculties were then improved by a course of assiduous study; while his self-reliance and perseverance were early taxed

to the utmost, by the fact that his education was achieved in the face of debt. We next find him laboring as the instructor of youth, laying broad and deep in the juvenile mind the foundations of true worth; and soon thereafter he steps forth into his more matured sphere of labor as the newspaper editor. How well he succeeded in the latter capacity, the present condition of Chicago and the great Northwest tells faithfully; for to him, perhaps more than to any other man, is due the fact that Chicago is known to all the world. In each and every position, he has been noted for informing the people and inciting them to think and to act. His recognition by his adopted State, as a man worthy to hold high office, was the natural sequel to his labors.

Mr. Bross is the eldest son of Deacon Moses Bross, who has resided for many years past in Morris, Grundy county, in this State. He was born in New Jersey, in the northwest corner of Sussex county, about two miles from Port Jervis. He first saw the light on the 4th of November, 1813, in an old log house situated in a romantic spot, which has recently been placed on canvas by the well known Sontag. Mr. Bross spent the first nine years of his life in Sussex county, and then removed with his family to Milford, Pennsylvania, where he lived till he attained to manhood. When work was commenced on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, his father entered on the lumbering business near Shohola, in Pike county, and furnished the timber for the locks and bottoms for a good portion of the canal. WILLIAM accompanied the "Deacon" to the woods, and there labored with the axe for many months. The work was severe and monotonous, but it was of the greatest value in shaping the future man; it developed his muscular power to a high degree, and fitted his constitution to bear, uninjured, the heavy tax subsequently imposed by his mental labors.

His classical education was commenced in 1832, at the Milford Academy, under the charge of Rev. Edward Allen. He entered Williams College two years afterwards, and was soon known as a promising student, though his preparatory studies had been materially interfered with by his labors in lumbering and rafting. He graduated with honor, in 1838, but was then in debt for his education to the extent of six hundred dollars. With this load he began life, and his first earnings were religiously set aside till the incubus was lifted. He was then a young man, struggling up the hill of Difficulty; but he traveled along the right path, and manfully mounted step by step. Twenty-eight years afterward—in 1866—having proved himself one of the worthiest among the many worthies who had graduated there, he delivered the address to the alumni of "Old Williams." He had conquered the toilsome ascent, and was looked up to by the hundreds who had little more than begun the journey, as an illustrious example of what can be achieved by one who is determined to excel.

Mr. Bross became principal of Ridgebury Academy, near his birthplace, in the Autumn of 1838, and taught at Chester for another five years, then terminating his career as a teacher by embarking in another sphere of action, but leaving behind him much valuable seed, which afterward fructified most worthily. Many of his pupils have since won for themselves a fame worthy of their master. Mr. Bross was known as a thorough classical scholar, and a great lover of the natural sciences. He was also an ardent student of natural history, and his teachings were marked by a broad acquaintance with American history.

In October, 1846, Mr. Bross started out West; not with the intention of settling, but to increase his stock of knowledge of the American continent. He visited Chicago, St. Louis, and other

Western cities. Chicago, though then an apparently unimportant town—not a commercial emporium, but literally a "Garden City"—was recognized by his cultivated eye as the future focus of the great Northwest, when that Northwest should unfold its manifest destiny. He decided to make it his home. He returned to the East, closed his school, and moved to Chicago, arriving here on the 12th of May, 1848, as the active partner in the bookselling firm of Griggs, Bross & Co. The firm was composed of S. C. Griggs, WILLIAM BROSS, and the house of Newman & Co., of New York, each of the three parties having an equal interest.

The business was commenced here by Mr. Bross, who continued it alone till autumn, when Mr. Griggs came here from the East. He continued in the firm about fifteen months, and then signified his wish for a dissolution of the partnership, on the ground that the profits were too small. The house of S. C. Griggs & Co. is now known as one of the leading book houses of the United States. E. L. Jansen, Esq., the youngest brother of Mrs. Bross, has been for many years past a leading member of the firm.

In the fall of 1849, Mr. Bross commenced the publication of the *Prairie Herald*, in conjunction with Rev. J. A. Wight. He continued the issue of this paper for about two years, with but moderate success, and soon after united with the late Postmaster, John L. Scripps, to publish the *Democratic Press*. The first number was issued September 16th, 1852, with a list of about one hundred subscribers to the daily, and two hundred and fifty to the weekly.

This paper was "started" with a definite object—not as a mere shift. The proprietors had carefully canvassed the situation, and come to the conclusion that Chicago and the West were about to enter on a rapid and tremen-

dous growth. They saw that this was inevitable; but they also recognized that the extent of that growth would largely depend upon the impression which Chicago should make abroad. Mr. Bross at once bent himself to a study of the resources of this region, and then set about, with equal diligence, to let the world know their character and extent. He felt that all that was necessary was to exhibit the facts; that the inference would be irresistible; that the brain and muscle, the energy, enterprise and capital needed to develop this fruitful scene, would roll in like the tide of ocean, if the world was posted in regard to what was being done here, and what could be done. He resolved to make the *Press* a good commercial and statistical paper. With him to resolve was to do.

That year was really an epoch in the history of Chicago; it marked the beginning of her real prosperity. In 1852 the city was opened up to direct relationship with the East, by the two great iron arteries known as the Michigan Southern and the Michigan Central Railroads. The roads now leading westward from Chicago were also all projected, and some of them begun; the Galena road being pushed as far as Elgin, and the Rock Island road to Joliet, while workmen were busy on the track of the Illinois Central. Our city was emerging from the lethargy which had weighed her down since the panic of 1837, and was asserting her claim to be the great railroad and commercial focus of the Northwest.

The *Press* was established as a political paper, as well as with a commercial object, and it took the side indicated by its name—the *Democratic Press*—but in the conservative way, and in especial opposition to the considered intense abolition doctrines advocated by John Wentworth. When Douglas brought out his bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise, in the winter of 1853-4, the

new paper opposed him and it with all the energy of which its editors were capable, and probably operated more powerfully against him in the discussion of the Nebraska question than any other influence that was brought to bear on the issue.

But the *Democratic Press* soon changed its politics. When the Republican party was formed in the autumn of 1854, Mr. Bross at once embraced the doctrines enunciated in its Springfield platform, and thence forward labored hard and eloquently, both with voice and pen, in advocating them. He delivered his first political speech at an impromptu meeting held in Dearborn Park, to endorse the nomination of John C. Fremont, on the evening of the same day on which the General was nominated. That was the first public endorsement the Pathfinder received in the West. Mr. Bross now took the stump in earnest, going into Southern Illinois, where the darkness of Egypt reigned supreme, and attacked democracy in its stronghold. He made the only speech delivered in Cairo in favor of Fremont. He has taken the stump in every subsequent canvass, generally going through the central and southern portions of the State, where the opposition was most bitter; and his labors during the fifteen years which have now elapsed since he made his maiden effort have been of great value to the Republican party.

Mr. Bross wrote as powerfully as he spoke, and the *Democratic Press* was soon recognized as one of the ablest political journals of the day; but it was as a commercial paper that it took the lead, being, in fact, the beginning of the commercial literature of the city. The first financial article that ever appeared in a Chicago newspaper, was written by Mr. Bross in the *Democratic Press*, and it was followed by a consecutive series of reports, which quickly established it as THE commercial paper

of the city, and formed the foundation of the full and accurate commercial reports in the Chicago dailies, which are conceded to have no superior in the world.

There was comparatively little of quotation to do in those early days, for long thereafter the attendance of members of the Board of Trade was so fitful that it was necessary to provide daily "refreshments" as a means of drawing a quorum on 'Change. But there was plenty of the more valuable and general work to be done, and here Mr. Bross was in his element. He never wearied in writing up Chicago and the Northwest. He was satisfied that if the people of other sections could be brought to understand the extent of our natural and acquired advantages, wealth of money and muscle and brain would flow hitherward like a torrent. His every spare moment was devoted to this end. He was indefatigable in the collection of facts and statistics, and his pen was ever kept busy in collating them and giving them verbal shape. These facts and figures were not only published as newspaper articles, but were thrown into pamphlet form. The first of these pamphlets was issued in 1854, and contained a full description of the railroad system which had then been prospected out, with radiating lines from Chicago to every point of the compass except those lying lakeward. The latter part of the pamphlet contained a brief but comprehensive history of the city from its origin to date, and a review of its trade and commerce for the year then just closed. This pamphlet was widely circulated over the East and in Europe, and first told to thousands the fact that there was such a place as Chicago. This was the first of a series of annual summaries, which for many years served to let the whole world know what was being done in this section of the globe. Very many of those who read those statements have since traveled hundreds

and thousands of miles to make this place their home, and have materially aided in building it up to its present greatness.

Mr. Bross loved to write of Chicago in the then present; but he also delighted to sketch its inevitable future, as it appeared to him. Many, even among those who believed that Chicago would be a great city, regarded him as a visionary; but the most skeptical have since confessed that he saw and thought accurately, judging really of the future from the causes then operating around him, and not fondly guessing or lazily dreaming out visions of grandeur. Our subsequent history has realized almost all that he dared to predict; and all would have been long since actualized, but that the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, which none could foresee, interfered for several years with the internal improvement of the West. In his pamphlet of 1854 we find such words as these: "We are now in direct railroad connection with all the Atlantic cities, from Portland to Baltimore. Five, and at most eight, years will extend the circle to New Orleans. By that time, also, we shall shake hands with the rich copper and iron mines of Lake Superior, both by canal and railroad; and long ere another seventeen years have passed away, we shall have a great national railroad from Chicago to Puget's Sound, with a branch to San Francisco." On another page of the same pamphlet, after speaking of the advantages of the situation, glancing at the light death rates, and alluding comprehensively to the position of Chicago at the head of the great chain of lakes, as guaranteeing to her the focal point from and to which should flow, for all time, the articles consumed by, and the productions raised in, that immense region of country lying to the westward, he points confidently to the "free navigation of the St. Lawrence, by which means vessels

loaded at our docks will be able to make their way to the ocean, and thence direct to the docks of Liverpool." Looking around on the great coal fields of Illinois, the lead mines of Galena, and the grand copper mines of Lake Superior, he wrote that they all "point to Chicago as the ultimate seat of extensive manufactures." In the light of our present knowledge we might almost be tempted to think that these expressions were mere antedated history. Our railroad system now connects Chicago with every part of the continent. Long before the seventeen years have passed over his head, he has lived to see the great Pacific Railroad completed, and ship navigation around Niagara Falls almost a fixed fact. We are already manufacturing Lake Superior iron in our city, and our vessels carry its copper to the East; while our grain and pork trade have long since mounted far up into the millions. The position and character of Mr. Bross were recently summed up by a contemporary editor, in the following well merited words: "His commercial and railway articles, though often appearing to border on the fabulous, have been more than verified by the facts and figures gathered by the sober, careful statistician. He is, in fact, one of the best statisticians in the West; and this, together with extensive travel and careful personal observation, enabled him the better to foresee that wonderful progress destined to be so fully realized."

Mr. Bross also early foresaw the needs of our growing Western commerce, and advocated the extensions which would soon be imperatively demanded, though few then were willing to class them among the possibilities. The Georgian Bay Canal was one of his earliest projects. Studying the map of the Northwest as it then was, in the winter of 1854-5, his eye rested on the narrow strip of land which divided Lake Ontario from the Georgian Bay,

with rivers running in each direction from Lake Simcoe. He was familiar with the difficulties which had been experienced in passing the St. Clair Flats, and thought of the still greater obstacles they would offer to the augmented navigation of the future. He went down on South Water Street, where he met Colonel Hubbard, who had passed from near Toronto to the Georgian Bay with his canoes in 1818. He discussed the character of this route with him, and afterwards gathered from him and Captain Dorchester the facts from which he wrote up an article embracing the main points of the subject. The late George Steel was so well pleased with the article that he distributed copies of it all over the Canadas, and enlisted the interest of thousands in the project. The scheme for a canal was so favorably received that a convention was held in Toronto in September, 1855, to take action in the matter; and the feasibility of the proposed route was fully demonstrated by the resulting survey, made by Kivas Tully, with Colonel R. B. Mason as consulting engineer. It is due to Mr. Bross to say that he furnished much of the statistical matter embodied in the report, and collected the funds necessary to pay for its publication.

In the year 1855, he was elected a member of the Common Council of the city of Chicago, in which capacity he served the public two years. His best energies were always employed in furthering the interests of the city, and the development of our commercial resources were advocated in every possible way during his term of office.

The panic of 1857, and the long period of depression which succeeded it, operated very disastrously upon the newspaper interests of the West. The *Democratic Press* was materially affected, and the *Tribune* also suffered somewhat. The proprietors of the two papers effected a consolidation on the

1st of July, 1858, and for two years thereafter the one paper was issued under the combined name of the *Press and Tribune*. The former part of the name was then dropped, and since 1860 *The Tribune* has been the title of the paper. The "Consolidated," as it was then called by the *Times*, was owned by six gentlemen—Messrs. Scripps, Bross and B. W. Spears, from the *Press*, and C. H. Ray, J. Medill and A. Cowles, from the *Tribune*. Messrs. Bross, Medill and Cowles are the only ones of that number now connected with the paper.

Mr. Bross continued to work on the consolidated paper as he had done previously—with all his might. He devoted his principal attention to the commercial and statistical departments, while writing also on the political issues of the day. Down to a very recent date he furnished the daily financial article. Hence the course of the Chicago *Tribune* has been that of Mr. Bross; and we can scarcely sketch his course of life for the past ten years, without reference thereto—especially as the tendency of modern journalism has been to sink the individuality of the newspaper writer. So far as we speak of Mr. Bross, therefore, in his journalistic relations, we may be understood as speaking of his able associates. Under his and their management the *Tribune* has become one of the very best newspapers in the United States, and is acknowledged to be one of the most influential, as its corporation is now one of the richest. A good idea of its pecuniary status may be gathered from the fact that the company has erected, within the past twelve months, the just-completed magnificent fire-proof building on the corner of Madison and Dearborn Streets, in which the *WESTERN MONTHLY* is now published, and that the whole cost of the structure—more than a quarter of a million dollars—has been paid out of

the current profits of the paper, without calling for a dollar from the stockholders.

The contrast between "then and now" is forcibly shown by a reference to the fact that in his earlier Chicago days Mr. Bross published the *Tribune* for the then proprietors, Messrs. Stewart, Wheeler & Scripps, and the *Prairie Herald*. These papers were printed on an old Adams power press, the first ever brought to Chicago. It was driven by an old blind and black Canadian pony. Now the *Tribune* Company own two presses, each having eight cylinders, and the power is furnished by a magnificent steam engine.

The *Tribune* was one of the earliest supporters of the lamented Lincoln. It published, in full, the celebrated debates between him and S. A. Douglas, in the contest for the Senatorship of this State, and believed that Mr. Lincoln would be the best man to oppose Douglas in the subsequent presidential contest. It was, in fact, the first paper to publicly announce him as the man best fitted to fill the highest office in the gift of the people. After Lincoln had received the nomination, the *Tribune* did its utmost to ensure the success of the Republican ticket; and Mr. Bross bent all his energies of voice and pen to aid the cause, laboring night and day, notwithstanding the threats of secession which were even then heard from the entire South. And when the attack on Fort Sumter showed that the rebels were in earnest, Mr. Bross threw himself into the work of opposing the movement and compelling the rebels to surrender. He was active in stimulating recruiting, and advocated a war which should be "short, sharp and decisive," waged on the high platform of "liberty and union." He was one of the first to recognize the liberation of the bondsmen as the result of the war, and urged that measure with all his might, even while the lamented Lincoln was doubt-

ing that to issue that Emancipation Proclamation which has since made him immortal, would not be equally as futile as the "Pope's bull against the comet." Till the close of that long and bitter war, Mr. Bross was the unswerving friend of the Union cause, and gave largely of his personal means to help it forward, in addition to his more public and official aid. We may add that the discovery of the rebel plot to burn Camp Douglas and sack the city of Chicago, in November, 1864, was in no small degree attributable to him; and that he took the lead in raising the 29th United States Regiment of Colored Volunteers in Illinois and the adjoining States, paying nearly all the expenses incurred in its organization. That regiment was commanded by his brother, Colonel John A. Bross, who was killed on the 30th of July, 1864, while bravely storming the rebel stronghold at Petersburg, Virginia.

The people of the State of Illinois showed their appreciation of his exertions in behalf of the Union cause by electing him, in November, 1864, to the position of Lieutenant Governor, giving him a majority of over thirty thousand votes.

In 1865, Mr. Bross made the celebrated overland trip to California, in company with (now) Vice-President Schuyler Colfax and a few others. They passed across the extensive and fertile plains of the Platte Valley, through the Great Salt Lake Basin, over the snow-topped Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas, and down the California slopes, taking the wild and majestic Oregon scenery in their way, studying the habits of the people and making themselves acquainted with the character and resources of the country through which they traveled. Mr. Bross spoke often to the people on the subjects in which they were most interested, and his visit is still gratefully remembered by thousands. The world is already

familiar with the details of that trip, its incidents, the observations made, and the lessons learned on the way. Mr. BROSS has related them to crowded audiences in all parts of the country—before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, the Legislature of this State, the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and many other literary and scientific associations, East and West.

In September, 1867, Lieutenant-Governor Bross departed from Chicago on a European tour, accompanied by his daughter, and visited the points of greatest interest, sketching his impressions and experiences in a series of letters to the *Tribune*. Among the places passed through we may note in the order visited: Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Calais, Paris and the Great Exposition, Brussels, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Rome, Florence, Naples, Genoa and the lava-covered cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. He returned home through Paris and England, after an absence of six months.

Just before he left for Europe he was elected president of the Manufacturers' National Bank of this city, in place of his old friend, W. H. Brown, Esq., then deceased. This bank is one of the rising institutions of the city, and there is no doubt that under its present able management it will continue to be one of the leading houses of the city.

Mr. BROSS was married, in 1839, to the only daughter of the late Dr. John T. Jansen, of Goshen, New York. His wife is still living—a most estimable lady; but the couple, though uninterrupted happy in each other's society, have passed through much affliction. Four sons and three daughters lie 'neath the sod in Rosehill Cemetery, the resting place of their ashes being marked by a beautiful monument. Only one survives—a young lady of rare mental endowments, whose presence adorns the most polished circles.

Personally, Lieut.-Governor Bross is a man of medium height, robust frame, square features, ruddy complexion, high forehead, luxuriant hair and gray eye. The accompanying portrait gives an accurate portraiture, while it is faithful also to the physiognomical expression. His look is one of resolution rather than firmness; his countenance is pleasant, but wide-awake-ative; his step brisk and easy; his carriage graceful. The opinion formed from a survey of his appearance, by ninety-nine out of a hundred, would be that he is a man of good, sound, sterling, practical common sense; not afraid of work, either bodily or mental; persistent in effort, quick in perception and temper, straightforward, sincere, a fast friend, a man with a large heart, clear head, quick eye, honest intentions, and dignified action. And they would not be far wrong. In his case, most emphatically, the face is the index of the soul. His character is all this, and more. There is nothing of the hypocrite about him, and he detests hypocrisy in others. He is warm-hearted and charitable, in a practical sense, though his left hand is often ignorant of that which his right hand doeth. He has always been liberal to the cause of science, and no one is more ready to take by the hand the young man who is struggling to make his way in the world in the face of difficulty. But he has no particular reverence for genius. He believes in hard work, energy, industry, honesty and economy. These traits have distinguished him through his own career, and he recognizes them as the true elements of greatness in others. Their possessor is sure of his esteem; mere brilliancy is no passport to his favor.

Socially, he is free and cheerful; as a husband and father, kind, affectionate and affable. In his management of a newspaper he was always just, and willing to give his most bitter opponent a chance of being heard. As

an employer he was always affable to those under him, always ready to hear their statements, and was regarded by them with almost filial feelings. He never expected a man to do a superhuman amount of work; but he always did require of him the faithful discharge of his duty, and in return was willing to treat him as an equal and to pay the highest wages. We may mention that the *Tribune* office is the only one in this city in which there has never been a printers' strike. His public duties have recently prevented him from continuing as the active head of the *Tribune* establishment; but his influence is still seen and felt as President of the *Tribune* Company, and the same principles of action now govern in its management as in the years that are gone.

Mr. Bross is an able writer; one of the few whose every stroke tells. He gained a good classical and mathematical education in his youth, and has made that the basis of a large fund of information. Hence he always knows exactly what he is writing about, and, if uncertain on any point, he always hunts out the exact truth before proceeding. He is not a florid nor strictly argumentative writer, but is at once pleasing and convincing; while his collations of the driest statistics were always interesting. He has a great ability in stating facts, and rapidly throwing them together, and giving the deduction. Hence his writings have always been widely read, and have carried conviction, striking home to the heart, and leaving just enough of a trace to enable us to follow the path of the hammer after the blow is struck. His statement of facts carries with it the major, and the minor lies couched in the *ergo*.

His oratorical powers are of a very superior order. His sentences are well rounded, his words to the point, his action graceful and not excessive; his

tones full, sympathetic and natural. He is fluent in delivery; not so rapid as to prevent distinctness of utterance, but "fast" enough to tax the energies of a first class phonographer to keep pace with him. He is eloquent and effective, carrying with him the ears and hearts of his audiences. He has spoken on a wide range of subjects; but is best known as a political orator, having been engaged actively during the past twelve years in every canvass in the State of Illinois, speaking often from the same platform with Lincoln, Lovejoy, Trumbull, Logan, Oglesby, Yates, Colfax, Washburne and other leading men of the West.

As President of the Illinois State Senate, Lieutenant-Governor Bross acted uniformly with great efficiency, much dignity and absolute fairness through the labors of two regular and one extra session comprised in his term

of office. When we say that his decisions were appealed from in only two instances and never reversed, we say enough to show the high estimate of his abilities held by those who are the best judges. The speeches of the Senators whose orations marked the close of his speakership were of an unusually complimentary character.

Mr. Bross is still in the prime of life, only in his fifty-sixth year, and is active as ever; capable of fresh triumphs as great as those which have marked his past career. But whatever may be his future, the work already done has placed his name in a high and permanent position in the great Northwest. The influence he has exerted for good can scarcely be measured, and he has set a bright and shining example of the great results which may be achieved by earnest, patient, conscientious and persevering effort.

IS MAN TO BE THE LAST OF INTELLIGENT INHABITANTS UPON OUR PLANET?

BY WILLIAM BRACKETT.

NOTHING serves to pamper the pride and vanity of men more than what Pope calls the "absurdity of conceiting themselves the final cause of the creation." Were there any champion to dispute with them this high prerogative, it is doubtful whether they would arrogate it to themselves with so much self-complacency. As it is, such illusions of their fancy and vain-glory have taken complete possession of their souls, and filled them with mental darkness and deceit; so that, were it not for their restless energy in seeking and exploring new avenues of knowledge, it is no exaggeration to say, they would never have stumbled on the truth with respect to their proper rank and position on the globe.

Among the higher class of speculations to which the genius of discovery may be said, in modern times, to have given rise, none seems to me more interesting than the question stated above: When the human family shall finally leave the earth, will it cease to be the dwelling place of other rational creatures, and thus be remanded back, as it were, to its primitive condition, with its countless variety of inhabitants, among whom man stood the master and the monarch?

That a solution of such a question as this, amounting to actual and absolute demonstration, can not be reached in the present state of our knowledge, is too obvious to need remark; but that a very strong probability of the truth of

the negative of this question is thrown upon it by the light of advancing science, seems to me just as certain, provided full force be given to the evidence, and no previous theories are allowed to warp the mind and stand in the way of conviction. It were needless to argue such a question with the man who wraps himself in the mantle of unreasoning faith, and shuts his eyes against the revelations of science, as if they were so many arrows directed against the cherished convictions of his life. And, indeed, such they may be; but then, science is not to blame, for this is but the revelation of the laws of the universe, which are nothing more or less than the laws of God himself.

I must further premise, that scarcely any thing else can be undertaken, or is practicable, within the limits of one or two magazine articles, upon such a subject as this, than a mere outline or epitome of the arguments. To go into the necessary details would require a volume.

That the Deity is capable of producing, and that there do exist, some where else within the realm of creation, beings of a higher capacity and higher endowments than ours, is the almost universal belief of civilized as well as savage nations. More than this, it is a favorite theory with probably a majority of reflecting men, that the other planets are peopled with races of beings suited to the various conditions of life which are supposed to obtain in each; and various ingenious arguments, drawn from the all-wise purposes of Providence and the analogy of nature, have been offered to sustain it. The actual existence, therefore, of superior intelligences, so far from shocking the general sense of mankind, is an article of faith little short of our belief in the existence of the Supreme Being. Accordingly, Bishop Butler, in his immortal work upon the *Analogy of Religion*, has expressed his opinion that there may be beings in the universe possessed of knowl-

edge and views so extensive that the scheme of the divine government shall strike them at once as being analogous or conformable to God's dealings with other parts of the creation. Nothing in the nature of things, therefore, renders our hypothesis improbable or incredible. It is only when we come to apply the doctrine to the earth and its inhabitants that the mind is slow to entertain it, and takes refuge in those early prejudices which we have imbibed from our infancy, and resorts to certain meaningless phrases touching the dignity and destiny of the race.

Prone thus to believe in spiritual existences of a type and nature so far above our own, why, it may be asked, should we assign them a perpetual residence in other spheres? Where is the inconsistency in supposing our own to be a fit dwelling-place for orders of intelligence equally high? Most assuredly, no one will pretend that it could not be made endurable, and even pleasant and commodious, for such superior inhabitants, and that, too, without any alteration of the natural laws which govern it; in other words, it can not be denied that the resources of nature around us, when properly understood and applied, are sufficient for the exigencies and demands of the most exalted beings. And if, on examination, it should be found that these resources are endless in their number, extent and variety, and thus running infinitely in excess of man's needs or powers of appropriation, a very strong presumption will be raised in favor of their being intended for the use and enjoyment of other beings, unless it can be shown they were made to subserve some other purposes. For God makes nothing in vain; but every thing, so far as we are able to interpret His plans, for the use or the pleasure of His creatures. Utility and pleasure, in other words, happiness—this seems to be the legitimate end and object of the

divine government in respect to creation. Now, among rational creatures, the pursuit of happiness resolves itself almost exclusively into the pursuit of knowledges, as these last furnish the sources whence they derive both what is pleasing and what is useful. But has any one seriously reflected how very small a portion of knowledges, actually existing, man possesses, or can possess?

Look, first, at external nature. How limited the field of our knowledge, in comparison with what lies beyond it! Of the great forces by which so many of the operations of nature are carried on, such as heat, light and electricity, we are almost entirely ignorant; and if we did not see them in connection with some of their prominent effects, we could not say whether they have any independent existence of their own. And substance, what is that? We can dissect and analyze it, and reduce it down to certain elementary principles; but there we have to stop. Our experience, indeed, teaches us that the more physical discoveries we make the more there seem to be in store for us, and that the magazine of nature is furnished with such boundless supplies that we can never utilize them. Mysterious forces, whose nature and uses we can not comprehend, are every where coming in play and eluding our grasp. The intellect, by which we try to interpret them, has its limitations; and these it must obey. It tells us, in unmistakable language, we are surrounded by bodies and movements we can never feel, pulsations of light we can never see, vibrations of sound we can never hear, because our organs of sense are not adjusted to such nice discriminations. But, at the same time, it tells us these knowledges do exist, though without and beyond the range of our finite faculties, and that they were not made in vain, being held in reserve for minds whose finer adjustments will be suited to their complete comprehension.

In the exact sciences, if any where, we should suppose the success of human labor would bear some proportion commensurate with the field in which it is exerted; but here, also, the same lamentable deficiency is seen, compared with the extended objects of our search, as in every other department of human knowledge; so that it may be justly said that the residuum of our ignorance so overshadows, as it were, the positive accumulations of our knowledge, that the revelation of this ignorance may be looked upon as one of the proudest achievements of science. The greater part of the surface of the earth is covered with an element, in which if we try to move, life becomes extinct; and that profounder and more inscrutable sea, the atmosphere, that encompasses us on all sides, is just as inaccessible and fatal to our approach, except for a short distance. These natural impediments to our search and progress are aided by the infirmities of our minds and the limited nature of their faculties. The greatest thinkers among us, after the patient labor of their lives, build up systems which they vainly hope will extort the admiration and gratitude of mankind. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the authors of these systems live long enough to see them overthrown and displaced by others equally ingenious and pretentious, which, in their turn, are doomed to suffer a similar fate at the hands of more successful theorists and innovators. More or less of these melancholy examples of genius striving but failing to rivet the attention of mankind upon their works, are discernible throughout the literature of every age and country. And in the higher branches of speculative philosophy, such as ethics, metaphysics and theology, whose problems are considered as of the highest interest and importance to men, and to lie peculiarly within the province of minds of the highest order, what contradictions do we be-

bold! what confusion of intellect! what fierce contentions about trifles! what endless labor, literally thrown away and amounting to nothing! In this way, schools and sects and systems are established and flourish for a season, all surrounded by their numerous votaries, and each equally confident of being built up on the immutable principles of truth and reason. It is an insult to the common sense of mankind to ask whether all these can be right; and yet it is not impertinent to our inquiry to affirm that if it were not for the weakness of man's intellectual faculties these profoundly interesting questions would be solved, doubts would be dispelled, and the truth would stand out clearly before the mind—for that the truth exists with reference to these vital points, is just as certain as that we institute the search for it. It is only because our wings are shortened that we are unable to raise ourselves aloft and sustain a flight sufficiently long and high to seize upon the glittering prize and carry it away with us. Is it reasonable to suppose that questions of this nature will baffle the researches of higher intellects than ours? And, since we know that copious fountains of truth and knowledge lie before us, though sealed up from discovery by our limited faculties, have we not reason to believe that some future race upon the earth, as superior to us, perhaps, as we are superior to the simian race, will penetrate their mysteries and draw from their supplies?

But if any one should object to this course of argument, that the human family, even as at present constituted and endowed, may be able in the course of future ages to trace to their ultimate ends and uses the various sources and supplies of knowledge lying nearest to them, and that consequently we are not in a situation to infer their incapacity to exhaust all such sources and supplies, from the poverty and paucity of their

present achievements, and thus make it probable that some other race will come upon the stage of action, better qualified to grapple with the difficulty before us; still, we can not apply the objection to a similar presumption arising out of our inability to arrive at a class of truths that are confessedly beyond our reach and grasp. Now, this objection, to be valid, must take it for granted that man's natural capacity goes on enlarging and increasing from one generation to another. But we have no evidence of this. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that the mental capacity of the most favored races of civilized man, at the present day, is no greater than that of the ancient Greeks and Hebrews who flourished three thousand years ago. Besides, if this assumption of the gradually expanding intellect of man is insisted on, it amounts to a begging of the whole question; for all that I contend for is the succession of a race upon the earth excelling the present in mental and moral endowments, and it makes no difference, for the purpose of my argument, whether this race is a distinct and separate creation, or whether it gradually results from primordial man through the medium of the growth and expansion of his mental powers.

In the catalogue of unattainable knowledges to which reference is made, may be included all those profound and subtle questions relating to the nature of spirits, the origin and causes of life, the nature and constitution of the human soul, the essence and nature of the Divine Being, the character of the future life—in a word, all those perplexing questions which arise in a thoughtful mind, when contemplating our relations with the Deity and with another state of being; questions which torture us for answers and explanations, but which, owing to the blindness and feebleness of our powers, cry out in vain for a satisfactory solution.

Akin to these in their obscurity and incomprehensibleness, and almost equal in their interest and importance to us, are the problems bearing upon the magnitude, duration and purposes of the cosmical arrangements of nature. Astronomical science gives us all the light we have upon this vast subject; and it is a curious fact, which makes our ignorance and insignificance the more conspicuous, that if the mantle of night had never fallen on our planet, we would have known absolutely nothing of those great truths of which now we have only the slightest perception, though it is enough to startle us with their grandeur and the shadowy nature of their revelation to us. All we know of the fixed stars, if indeed we know so much, is that they are each of them luminous like our sun, and each the center of a planetary system corresponding to ours. Their numbers are so astonishingly great that Sir William Herschel has calculated that the Milky Way alone contains more than eighteen millions of them. In modern times, all the different nebulae within reach of the telescope have been resolved into stellar swarms, infinite in magnitude and numbers. Many of us can remember how the scientific world was astonished at the result arrived at by Lord Rosse, when he directed his powerful six-feet mirror towards the nebula of Orion. That nebula was at once resolved into a cluster of stars, whose astonishing distance is such that the great discoverer informs us that their light, in its progress toward the earth, requires sixty thousand years to reach it.

Now, what design had the Author of the universe in organizing and putting in motion such a multitude of systems? What purpose do they serve in the economy of His government? Which of these systems is of the first importance in the grand scheme of the universe? And which of the planets in our own solar system bears this relation

to the rest? Is it the earth, one of the smallest? or is it Jupiter, whose diameter is eleven times larger than that of the earth? Do any of the systems, or does any other member of our own system, bear any such singular relation to the earth as to authorize us to say they are subservient to it? Or is not rather this relation the one to the other, so far as it has any effect, coordinate—a relation of reciprocal advantage? Has each of the planets gone through the same superficial changes as the earth? Upon the hypothesis that they are inhabited, did life commence, as here, with the lowest types, and go on through a series of progression from higher to higher conditions? What resemblance, if any, do the *flora* and *fauna* of the other orbs bear to ours? or are they so dissimilar that we are unable to predicate any intelligible idea of them, any more than of spirits?

These are only a few of the multitude of queries that instinctively rise to the lips of any one who has made himself tolerably familiar with what little astronomers have discovered concerning the mechanism of the heavens. But what human being can answer them? All we can say is what the illustrious La Place, who understood more of the subject perhaps than any man that ever lived, said in his last moments: "That which we know is very little—that which we do not know is immense!" The snail, emerging from his shell for the first time, literally knows as much of the earth as man knows of the invisible cycles of worlds which analogy tells us exist in the illimitable regions of space.

We are now prepared to illustrate the argument, which may be familiarly done in this way: Suppose an intelligent traveler should see for the first time a magnificent palace, built of the most enduring materials, and which, for beauty of proportions, extent and di-

mensions, far exceeded any thing of the kind ever witnessed. Suppose he should enter, and find every part of the structure on a scale of magnificence corresponding with the noble exterior, the work finished in the highest style of art, the decorations of the most splendid patterns, and the furniture of the richest and most costly material. Overhead he sees story rising on story, as far as the eye can reach, all lighted up with a most wonderful lustre, and the multitude of rooms filled with luxuries of every description, as well as articles for use scattered round in endless profusion. But after wearying himself with wandering from one apartment to another, and examining the various objects of curiosity, he looks in vain for any signs of life higher than that of insects buzzing about the windows, and moles crawling over the tessellated floors. Now, suppose he were told there were no other occupants, and that the whole of this stupendous structure was reared and designed for such diminutive and ephemeral inhabitants. How would he be struck with astonishment! "No, this can never be!" he would exclaim; "the architect that contrived and reared this wonderful building, designed it as the abode of suitable inhabitants. That dazzling radiance streaming from afar, these notes of celestial harmony, these breezes loaded with perfume, these chambers filled with ten thousand objects of pleasure, were all intended for beings who are capable of enjoying them, and in whose hands will be placed the keys to unlock their treasures; and this 'brave o'erhanging firmament,' this 'majestical roof fretted with golden fire,' this, too, was intended to cover heads crowned with wisdom and glory, which, though they may not appear here now, will, in the fullness of time, take their allotted places as the natural heirs of so much knowledge and happiness." And thus will it be with man, the mole of rational creatures, who, groping his

way blindly upon the earth, with only span of life and intellect enough to subsist here for the briefest period, will give place to the next higher race, that, with stronger pinions and wider range of vision, will be able to scale the heights that are inaccessible to man's feeble flights, and thus take in parts of the great plan of creation that are now hid from mortal view.

But to look at the question from another point of view. The most superficial inquiry into the existing order of things teaches us that they are all under the empire of fixed and invariable laws; and, so far as we are able to penetrate the mysteries of creation, life upon our globe and life every where else appears to be the great controlling law of the universe. Inorganic or inanimate nature itself, obedient to this principle, is subordinated to the uses and purposes of plants and animals, and acts as their handmaid in ministering to the necessities of their being through all the various processes of their generation, growth and final dissolution; and, doubtless, what we call the extinction or destruction of life is nothing more or less than the transmutation of material substances into other forms, out of which life will be evolved again under new combinations and conditions. Certain it is that, go where we may, we can not separate ourselves from the endless chain of existence. In every alternation of heat and cold, in the most desert places upon the earth's surface, as well as in the most fertile, in the waters that cover so large a portion of it, under the ground beneath our feet, and in the atmosphere over our heads, every where around us, we see this great law and principle of life at work with undiminished vigor. And as it is now, so was it in the past. Locked up and entombed in their silent chambers, the rocky strata hold the remains of extinct animals and plants of every variety of form and structure, and in such count-

less myriads that the mind is bewildered in the effort to enumerate them. Indeed, the nice experiments of modern science have brought this whole subject of the wonderful profusion of organic life, as it now exists and as it formerly existed in by-gone geologic ages, into such close relation and juxtaposition that I can not better illustrate it than by stating a few of the results. Ehrenberg, who has carried these discoveries with the microscope to such unparalleled lengths, informs us that a cubic inch of water contains the incredible number of eight hundred millions of organisms; while in a cubic inch of a certain kind of polishing slate called *bilin*, he estimates more than fifty times as many organic remains of animal life. And this slate, so penetrated with these evidences of the incalculable profusion of life upon the globe, myriads of ages in the past, is found in masses resembling mountains. Can any thing convey to the understanding any higher conception of the bounty and prodigality of animated nature than this? And in view of facts like this, are we not warranted in drawing the conclusion that the production and maintenance of terrestrial life are in themselves a law of the creation, of universal prevalence and never-ending operation?

Before inquiring further into the nature and character of this law, it may be well to state, once for all, that my argument does not involve the necessity of discussing, or even touching upon, the question which has divided so many of the men of science of the present day, whether the different kinds of plants and animals owe their existence to special *fiats* of the Creator, or to some process of development; in other words, whether the origin of species is an origin by birth or an origin by creation—a question of no sort of practical

value, and equally fruitless in determining the comparative wisdom and power of the Creator, about which the two schools are so much divided and exercised. For surely, as to this point, it can not be denied that it requires as high and as infinite an exertion of wisdom and power to contrive and frame the law, whereby the different species are each, in their turn, called into being, as to exercise the creative faculty every time the exigency requires it.

What, then, is the character of that dominant and all-prevailing principle or law of life which lies at the root of the great question before us, and through a proper understanding of which so much light will be thrown upon its solution? Does it really rise to the majesty of a veritable law, uniform in its tendency, constant in its operation, and universal in its application? Or is it something so shifting and capricious in its course that we can not properly characterize it as a law of nature, and thus be able to evolve from it any conclusions as to the future, by way of pre-figuration, as we can from the order of nature in other things?

If we find the former to be the fact—if, on examination, we find the course and constitution of life in nature to be such as to be endowed with the principle of progression, working up, as it were, from certain elementary forms to more complex relations, and each step in the great progress a step higher up in the scale of moralism and mentalism—if we find something like this, we think we shall have discovered a clue to some of the mysteries of nature—a key wherewith to unlock some of her secret chambers.

But such an examination we shall have to reserve for another number of the *WESTERN MONTHLY*.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY MARY JANE TAYLOR.

I.

FLEECY clouds and an azure sky,
 Jagged cliffs and a bay;
 Twittering swallows circling nigh,
 And blue sea stretching away;
 Two that were walking hand in hand,
 As two that loved might be—
 Gathering shells on the golden strand,
 Down by the summer sea.

II.

Tender eyes that were deeply blue,
 Eyes that were cold and gray;
 And one is false and one is true—
 Strolling there by the bay.
 Tempter and tempted walking the strand,
 As two that loved might be—
 Tenderly, cruelly, hand in hand,
 Down by the summer sea!

* * * * *

III.

Stormy sea and a leaden sky,
 And waves that break and moan;
 With drooping head and tearful eye—
 Down by the bay alone;
 And one as sad, on the dreary sands,
 As a broken heart can be—
 Weeping bitterly, wringing her hands,
 Down by the moaning sea!

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BY NATHAN SHEPPARD.

“**B**Y B. Disraeli” is the wording of himself by himself on the title page of his books. He is often printed now as “The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli.” But, do their best, his writers-up can not so designate him as to benefit him by the designation. Neither the state or the schools have entitled him. The “Rt. Hon.” is a nominal prefix, and, like “Hon.” with us, comes of having reached a certain political position, regardless of how ill it may fit and how incongruous it may sound when applied to the wearer of it. It was rumored recently that “Viscount” was offered him, and that he said “No, I thank you,” with a meaning, adding, with a sagacity no less significant, “there’s my wife.” But this is all apocryphal, and so is the similar story now being tossed over the teacups of the West End and the coffee-cups of the Clubs, viz: that, brought apace with his doom in the figures 118, he is willing to accept the hitherto proffered and rejected title, and make an exchange of Houses, or take up his abode in that long discovered country from whose bourne no politician returns. But if the rumored offer is improbable, the reason given for its declinature is reasonable. Mr. Disraeli is not an old man yet (for England), nor one whose physical or intellectual fire can be said to be going down; nor is there any thing in the political signs of the times to crush out the hopes of a political leader who is as largely endowed as one in his position ought to be with sanguine temperament and buoyant faith. And a man of this sort, ambitious of high action, and with a relish for the hand-to-hand

encounter of the political arena, does not care to be shelved, though the shelf be a compartment of a House of Peers, or a Supreme Court. Leaders are born, and they do not like to be buried before they die; so, if it be true that Mr. Disraeli did prefer untitled leadership on the field to repose in camp, with a noble handle to his name, he is quite justified by the nature of things, and may be justified by the “logic of events.”

But if this thought of titular distinction from the crown is genuine, it is recent. The proffered honor would be honored by being accepted. The title is a recognition of the Man. The Man compelled the title. It comes too late to help him. He got on and up without it. When he had earned and obtained the highest title, that of a Man, the title of Viscount might be honored by his accepting it; but it could not honor, any more than it could help him, after having crowned his two-score years of splendid battle with the Premiership of Great Britain. So this great man reached his present great eminence without being called anything but “Mister Disraeli,” by the ruler whom he ruled or the servant whom he hired to polish his boots. In this he is like the present Premier; but in almost all other respects the two men are utterly unlike.

While Mr. Gladstone did not come of a strictly noble lineage, he did spring from a stock sufficient in that quantity of antiquity which in this country is often made to redeem any quantity of stupidity. And he entered public life with the prestige of university honors. He could give the countersign of the schools. If he had not an hereditary

title, he had a university degree. So he had the advantage of Disraeli—not in being better educated, but in being better certified. One said, Here is my certificate, read it; the other said, Here am I, try me. One star differeth from another star in kind as well as in degree. The education that one man needs the college can not furnish; that which another man needs can be found only in the college. This wide and warm discussion over the curriculum will result as all discussions do, in settling back from both extremes into a rational mean. And that mean will be: Education is made for man, not man for the education.

Gladstone's training for Gladstone, Disraeli's for Disraeli. It is a matched case. We doubt whether, if there had been an exchange of training, there would have been the same results—as great or as good results. The two men, though near together in degree, are far apart in kind. As in descent and early training, so in temperament, in diction, in modes of thought, in caste of mind, in physical fabric, in policy of leadership, in manner of manipulating men, in political tactics, in personal appearance, in oratorical effects, the two leaders are opposites. Such different grists should be ground at different mills. At any rate, ground they were at different mills. They came by different, by diverse, paths to their present positions, where you can see them any evening now, sitting directly face to face, about ten feet apart, each with a large brownish yellow brass-mounted box before him on the clerk's table, which stands between the great English leaders—one nervous, fidgetty, whispering, taking notes, smiling, frowning, gaping, lying almost horizontal with the back of his head on the back of the bench, eyes shut sometimes, now correcting the speech of an opponent, and now applauding that of a follower; the other sitting dead still and upright, with his arms folded and

his legs crossed, looking straight down to the toe of his boot, countenance unperturbed by the showers of arrows that are levelled at him, or the shouts of laughter that follow them.

Yesterday I passed the house, at the southwest corner of Bloomsbury square, a few rods from Mudie's great library, where Mr. Disraeli is reputed to have been born; and the other day I passed the attorney's office, in Fredericks Place, Old Jewry, of Messrs. Maples, Pearce & Stephens, in which he was put by his father, and in which you are told to this day that the youth, who was then in his teens, spent his time in reading works of imagination, instead of those on law and jurisprudence. But this manner of life was of brief duration. The father, Mr. Isaac Disraeli, an author of respectable reputation, as is very usual with fathers, resolved that his son should not follow in his footsteps. He should choose another path, one unbeset with the deprivations of unrequited brains. But he soon found, what many another father has found, that he can not bind the unicorn of genius to the furrow of routine.

In deliberating upon the career for a youth, some thing is to be consulted besides the father's prejudices, or even his experience. Because the father has been unfortunate in trade, it does not follow that the son is to be apprenticed to a farmer, lest he, too, be torn to pieces by the capricious winds of commerce. Because the father is cheated in the sale of his brains to those who have none, it does not follow that the son is to keep away from the market with his. Mr. Froude says the workers in brains must be content to be poor. Certainly there is little hope of their being otherwise while the demand for this article continues so incommensurate with the supply. The son may have qualifications for getting on in his father's pursuit which his father did not possess. It may be the father and not the

son who should take the former's admonition; besides, the boy should follow the path in which his contentment lies. Better be poor and happy in your favorite avocation, than affluent and miserable in one for which you have a strong aversion.

So the elder Disraeli saw his mistake in time to remedy it. He yielded his own preference, and gave the boy his; and the sequel proved the wisdom of both. The younger Disraeli quitted the attorney's office with a great sense of relief, and took to his pen with a passion. His first book was "Vivian Grey." It was a startling success. It filled the land with its author's name before he was of age. It was as immature as its author. As a novel, it is ludicrously defective. Its plot is a hodge-podge. Its characters are unnatural up to the point of the grotesque. Its conception is as bungled as its execution is tangled. In short, it appears to have been the confused fermentation of an irrepressible ambition. The author himself, in a recent preface, begs forbearance of the critics, on the ground that the work is the work of a "boy," and "should be looked upon as a kind of literary *lusus*." In another place he says of it: "As hot and hurried a sketch as ever was penned." He "refused to reprint it for more than a quarter of a century," and then consented to do so because "the action of the presses in the United States and Germany renders an author no longer the master of his own will;" that is to say, because the book was popular. Why a book, a preacher, an actor, a hair-wash or a bonnet is popular, is one of the insolvable mysteries that are frequently to be found in the book of human nature; but occasionally popularity may be traced to its origin. The popularity of "Vivian Grey" may be attributed to its audacity.

The hero and the author have been pronounced one and the same person;

and certainly they are one and the same in reckless brilliancy and brilliant recklessness. The author is as heedless in his rhetoric as the subject is in his career. The character of the writing is as devoid of discrimination as the characters of the book are of reason; but the writing and the characters, the author and the hero, are all fascinatingly outrageous. The moral of the book is that vice is its own exceeding great reward; that revenge is man's, he may repay; that intrigue is the genius of polities and the employment of statesmen. The audacity of the book is evident from its personalities. Scandal without talent will carry public favor as with a whirlwind; while talent without the seasoning of scandal will pall upon the public palate. In "Vivian Grey," we have Lord Brougham called "Foaming Fudge;" Prince Leopold, "Prince of Little Lilliput;" Canning, "Charlatan Gas;" Theodore Hook, "Stanislaus Hoax;" the Marquis of Hertford, the "Marquis of Grandgout;" and so on *ad finem*. A bold "boy," he that would do this; a bright one, that could do it well; and a popular one, that would, could and did do it. And so the success of the book was as prodigious as its blunders were egregious; but with all its defects in plot as a novel, its defects in delineation as a portraiture of character, and its defects in *morale* as a story of human life, it contains evidence conclusive of its author's genius, his faculty for observation, penetration and discernment, and his knack of saying a thing felicitously and forcibly. The diction, which in this romance is only in its blade, is now in the full corn of its mature beauty, pungency and power.

When "Vivian Grey" was published its author was on the continent, whither he had gone to attend school. His school-room was Europe; his teachers were the men he met. Travel is the greatest of educators to those who are its born pupils; upon the rest its lessons

are thrown away. They were not thrown away upon young Disraeli. They were a suitable superstructure for the foundations that were laid in the English boarding school.

Returning home after a visit to the Rhine country, from which he evidently drew his inspiration in the composition of some passages in "Vivian Grey," he found himself famous. Author and hero, whether identical or not, were identical in popularity. In public favor they were not divided. And his identification with his hero gave piquancy to the interest with which the author was regarded. The elderly *literati* may have sneered, as the elderly *literati* are very apt to do when they have nothing else to do; but the novel-reading public were enthusiastic, and the ladies were in ecstacies. "Vivian Grey" (book and man) was "the rage." The upper social circle made room for him. Literary society made much of him. The West End dined him. It was "the thing" to read the book or dine the author. "In England," says the author of "Vivian Grey," "personal distinction is the only passport to the society of the great. Whether this distinction arise from fortune, family or talent is immaterial; but certain it is, to enter into high society a man must have blood, a million or a genius." Mr. Disraeli had "a genius," therefore lords and ladies bowed to "Mister Disraeli." He took the lady of the house out to dinner, and made its two hours seem as one by the charming grace and graceful volubility with which he discoursed upon the topics of the day, or upon any other topics which the company should prefer. He was and is a superb conversationalist. He was recognized as "educated," although unaccredited of the schools. His culture was received, although Oxford had no hand in it.

At that day he was a fop, if we are to heed the author of "Novels and Novelists," who draws the young lion

of the London *salons* with "ringlets of silken black hair; lisping voice; black velvet dress coat, lined with white satin; white kid gloves; ivory cane, with gold handle and silk tassel. Such was the perfumed boy-exquisite who forced his way into the *salons* of peeresses." The "boy" of the book is described by its boy author as a "graceful lively lad, with just enough of dandyism to preserve him from committing *gaucheries*, and with a devil of a tongue." Then comes the observation that "the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is a clever boy. What makes him so popular with the women it is difficult to explain; however, half a dozen dames of fashion were always patronizing our hero, who found an evening spent in their society not altogether dull, for there is no fascination so irresistible to a boy as the smile of a married woman." He "dashed into all these *amourettes* in beautiful style."

But while he (the live Vivian) was a pet of the ladies, he was the butt of the gentlemen. The latter made sport of him for a swell; the former not only applauded his apparel, but predicted his renown. Whether such predictions were in the nature of self-justification, or of deliberate discernment, certain it is that the boy novelist of that period could hardly have been taken for an embryo statesman. Few could have suspected that the effeminate exquisite was a chrysalis which should afterward worm its way into an "official residence" in Downing street. Few would infer, from any thing they read upon the pages of "Vivian Grey," that its author would one day be the author of some of the noblest eloquence of his times; though the discerning reader would not be surprised to learn that his author had plunged into the game of politics, with something of the ambition and the faculty for manipulating men which fascinates the reader in the character of Vivian.

Politics, not literature, was Disraeli's being's end and aim. His career sheds light upon his books. If his books had been designed as stepping-stones to his career, they could hardly have been more admirably adapted to their purpose. Whether they were or not, their author used the popularity they brought him for political advancement. Like "Vivian Grey," he conquered first the literary, then the fashionable, and then the political world.

He wrote, he traveled, he studied. He went over Europe. He went to Russia, and spent a winter in its capital. He went to Egypt, to Syria, to Nubia, to Jerusalem. He studied the language, the history, and the institutions of the countries he visited. He kindled his patriotism with the sight of what was sacred in the estimation of his Jewish ancestors, whom he has since championed against (un)christian calumny with the grandest discourse on the subject in the English tongue. Several of his romances are the transcript of what he saw and felt as he roamed over the lovely and inspiring scenes of Africa and the Orient. At least two of his novels, we believe, were written and published during his sojourn in the far East. He returned to England, and made up his mind that if his literary popularity could be taken at its present flood, it would lead him on to political fortune.

He made the effort. It was unsuccessful. His second attempt to get into the House of Commons was equally futile. So were his third and his fourth. The fifth effort succeeded. His success illustrates the pertinacity of his ambition; the method of its attainment proves the elasticity of his conscience. As in literature, so in politics: his end was success, and he used the boldest means to secure it. He makes his *debut* in politics as a radical, coqueting for tory votes by silence upon their principles and a furious assault upon

those of the whigs. He is beaten. He stands for Wycombe again, and is beaten again, after delivering at the hustings a speech which at once convinced the world that the fascinating young novelist was equally fascinating in oratory, and a man of extraordinary power of sarcasm and invective. He tries a new constituency. He stands for Marylebone. He pronounces for two planks of the great radical platform—triennial parliaments and vote by ballot. He claims to be "fighting the battle of the people," and declares that he "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties." But the radical leaders were suspicious, and the sequel justified their apprehensions. Beaten a third time as a radical, or rather as a radical-tory, he stands for Taunton as a tory, pure and simple, applying those adjectives to his polities rather than to himself. What he said afterward of Lord George Bentinck may possibly enlighten us as to his own course at this period: "When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way." Vivian Grey, of the novel, with his "indefinable want at last supplied" in the "study of polities," and "pacing his chamber panting for the Senate," has become Benjamin Disraeli in the practice of that ground and lofty tumbling which is to secure the end for which he "pants."

At Taunton he recants his opinions on the ballot and triennial parliaments, and adds ingratitude to apostasy by a vituperative attack upon O'Connell, whose endorsement he had solicited at setting out in politics, and which the great radical was obliged, in self-respect, to recall. He lost all self-control, and with that species of fury which betrays a consciousness of guilt, hurled upon his former patron epithets whose atrocity had not even the poor redeeming feature of felicity in expression.

O'Connell's reply was such as could come only from that incomparable master of retort. "Having failed as a radical reformer at Wycombe and Marylebone, he considers himself tory enough to assume the leadership of the tory party at Taunton. * * * * He possesses just the qualifications of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For ought I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." This threw Disraeli into another spasm of rage. He was frantic. He challenged O'Connell's son. O'Connell himself had taken a vow at his last duel to fight no more. Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace. He replies to O'Connell through *The Times*, concluding his communication with these words:

"I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful. I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the union. We shall meet again at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will at the same time make you remember and repent the insults which you have heaped upon

"BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

Beaten at Taunton, he retired from politics and resumed literature, with the design of meanwhile watching events and waiting for the "hour" of his opportunity, which he believed to be "at hand." His boisterous experience in politics gave to his romances additional audacity. He had the revenge with the pen which he failed to achieve with his tongue. The fictitious characters of his novels were actors on the stage of affairs, or those who were, like Shelley

and Byron, scarcely cold in their coffins. He wrote of love, of politics and of philosophy with the same reckless splendor of diction, and the same captivating delineation of preposterous characters, which constitute at once the weakness and the strength of "Vivian Grey." He added to his literary popularity, but he was not content. He still "panted for the Senate."

Years passed. It was 1837. The present Queen succeeded to the throne. The political horizon was rousingly portentous. The two great parties were rallying to a fresh encounter. Disraeli rallied with one of them—the tory party. He stood for the borough of Waidstone, in alliance with a friend who had a castle to move upon the board for the benefit of both. The hour was opportune. The whigs were in power, but the reins of government were slipping rapidly through their fingers. They went to the people and were voted down. The ministerial candidates were beaten in their strongholds, one of them by Disraeli, who, at this fifth attempt, made the step up, which was but one of a series that were to end in the highest step a man can take in England.

He took his seat in the House of Commons—"Phillipi." He was in the full inebriation of a success which might turn a leveler head than a wild novelist could be supposed to possess. There sat O'Connell. The "first opportunity" had come. The threatened "castigation" must come also. The subject in debate was some petitions which had been presented against certain Irish elections. O'Connell spoke, Disraeli followed; and nothing can be said more creditable to this remarkable man than that he survived the effect of that stupendous blunder. Never did public man make a more egregious failure than did Disraeli in both the conception and the execution of that speech. It was a historic failure. The

altloquent rodomontade with which the young Member of Parliament commenced, soon dribbled down under the storm of jeers and laughter with which it was greeted, into a pitiful bleat for mercy. "He would not do so to others —that's all." Then with the revival of mettle came the renewal of derisive cheers. He "would gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from a political opponent." The speaker succumbed; but not till he had put himself upon record in these words of ringing snap and prophetic pluck which are to be found thus set down in *Hansard's Reports*:

"He had begun several times many things, and he had often succeeded at last. He would sit down now, but the time would come when they would hear him. [The impatience of the House would not allow the honorable member to finish his speech, and during the greater part of the time the honorable member was on his legs, he was so much interrupted that it was impossible to hear what the honorable member said.]"

And the unofficial report is that the honorable member fairly shrieked out, "You will hear me!" as he took his seat. But if his discomfiture was great, his good sense was great enough to perceive it and to profit by it. The mortifying *faux pas* was never repeated. From that on, Disraeli steadily rose in the estimation of his associates. Two years after, he established his reputation for oratory as well as liberality, by a speech in favor of mercy to two condemned chartists, in which he boldly and nobly said that the demand of the chartists, though political in its aim, was founded in deep social wrongs. From that day to this, Disraeli has spoken eloquently and frequently for the cause of the disestablished and disendowed among the children of men. His plea for the chartists was as startling as some of the paradoxes in "Con-

ingsby" or "Sybil," and is one of a series of manœuvres which, taken in conjunction with some as noticeable for cunning as these were for courage, are illustrative of a career rarely paralleled in politics for crafty leadership and courageous eloquence. There are no more pungent or more noble utterances in the language than those of Disraeli from the benches of the House and on the pages of "Coningsby," in which he arraigns conservatism and defends chartism; and there is no more consummate generalship in history than that which he showed at the head of that political amalgam of snobs and mobs comprised in "Young Englandism" and "chartism;" and since then, at the head of that scarcely less heterogeneous combination, called by turns conservatives and tories.

In 1843-46, the oratorical fame of Disraeli reached its meridian. His speeches of those years are the most wonderful specimens of trenchant invective to be found in the annals of parliamentary debate. But they were speeches for the times. They would not be tolerated now, and ought not to have been then. They were made to the House, but they were mostly aimed at Sir Robert Peel. It is said and believed that Disraeli was a disappointed applicant for office under Peel; that Peel saddled the act of rejection upon an associate in power; and that when Disraeli was asked why he handled the great Sir Robert Peel so roughly, he replied that Peel "was the man whom it would make him to attack." Whether this bit of gossip be well founded or unfounded, the facts of history give it probability. It was true in point of fact, if not as a matter of gossip. Peel was the ladder by which Disraeli climbed to power. The history of this climbing process must be skipped here, although covering a period of our subject's career most illustrative of his skill as a tactician, his genius as a

leader, and his power as a debater. Nor have we space for following him through all his veerings and steerings from that time to this, though we have no doubt that a subject more tempting to the scalpel of the analyst than he can not be found among the living or the dead of the renowned. He is an enigma, a riddle, a sphynx. I have watched him by the hour with a lorgnette from the gallery of the House; and a more silent countenance never was gathered into the focus of that inquisitive instrument. The prevailing opinion is that he is never an earnest but always an ambitious man, and always deep in stratagems for his own aggrandizement. As Wendell Phillips said of President Johnson: "He has no plan; he has a plot." This is the public idea of the private Disraeli; and to use his own description of one of his own characters, "His countenance does not contradict the common creed." Still no man is as bad as he is painted by his adversaries, and few bad public men are as black at heart as they are described by their contemporaries. Deliberate, or, to use another Disraeli coinage, "organized hypocrisy," is extremely rare, and conscious unpatriotism is still more rare. And I choose not to believe any sinner as wanton in his wickedness, or any saint as intentional in his simplicity, as the cursory observer would have us think. No moral philosopher has ever tried his hand, or theory rather, in politics, unless we except John Stewart Mill. And if we make him an exception he will only the more completely prove the rule, since he is no more distinguished in theoretical philosophy than he is extinguished in practical politics. So I refuse to believe Mr. Disraeli as Mephistophelian as he is delineated by his opponents, and make him welcome to all the palliation or justification he may obtain from his own words, which are a far better exposition of his ideas and

explanation of his course than those of any who may take in hand his political diagnosis.

He says in his life of Lord George Bentinck: "There is nothing in which the power of circumstances is more evident than in politics. They baffle the fore-thought of statesmen, and control even the apparently inflexible laws of national development and decay." Are there any other "inflexible laws" which are compelled to give way before the "power of circumstances," as wielded in "politics?"

Again, or rather long before, even before he entered the political arena, while he stood baffled and discomfited upon its threshold, Mr. Disraeli said, and let him be credited with saying thus early and thus candidly:

"The truth is, a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstance, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject—he is only to ascertain the needful and the beneficial and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. The fact is, the conduct and opinions of public men at different periods of their career must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. * * I laugh, therefore, at the objections against a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one. All I seek to entertain is, whether his present policy be just, necessary, expedient; whether at the present moment he is prepared to serve the country according to its present necessities."

It is easier to upbraid this for calculating optimism than to answer it with a more practicable theory or a more successful practice. Mr. Disraeli believes with Horace Greeley, that "suc-

ceas is a duty," and that without a party political success is impossible—and who that has his senses believes otherwise? Peel seemed to believe otherwise; hence his fonderings when he should be afloat and riding triumphantly the tempestuous waves. Disraeli, on the other hand, believes and practices the belief that the first duty of a political leader is to be faithful to his party, and that honorable success in politics is not only consistent with that tie, but in reality mainly dependent upon its sacred maintenance.

Judged by votes, acts and speeches, his record will compare favorably with that of any other English statesman of his times in the matter of sympathy with the aspirations of the lower classes, and of electoral reform. Many a time, in reading "Hansard," we wish his votes had been the opposite of what we find them; but when we compare them with those of others who now crowd the treasury bench we do not see that he suffers much by the comparison. And judged by his own definition of a statesman that we have quoted, we can not but suspect that his present position of antagonism to the disestablishment of the Irish church (which he once described as "the monster grievance of Ireland,") is rather the result of political "circumstances" than of his own free will. And we were confirmed in that suspicion while listening to his late great speech—a speech whose frigid intellectuality, facetious frivolity and sonorous ambiguity can hardly be explained on any other ground than that its author has no heart for the task which he, as "the child of circumstance," was required to perform. It was one of the most characteristic of Disraeli's speeches, both in what it grandly uttered and in what it craftily omitted. It was as charming as it was tantalizing. Was its author in earnest? We will not doubt that he was, and yet we can not resist the impression that

he had himself in mind when he said, in 1844, "He felt certain that a minister of great ability and great power, when he found himself at the head of a great majority, would settle that (the Irish church) question." Why "great ability," and "great power," and "great majority," if not to do the "great" act of justice, which "the power of circumstances" had imposed upon the until very recently "baffled" and hesitating Gladstone? Was Disraeli in earnest when, as the mainstring of the government, he recommended the disestablishment and disendowment of the church in Jamaica? Was he in earnest when he denounced the same policy as applied to the Irish church as "spoliation" and "robbery?" Or was he in earnest in both cases? Was he in earnest when, twenty years ago, he declared "the real source of danger to the church was its connection with the State?" Or was he in earnest the other night when I heard him speak so eloquently of "the hallowed influence of the union between the church and State?" Or was he in earnest on both occasions? Which position is "the child of circumstance?" Or are the two positions twins of "circumstance?" And is there nothing but "circumstance" that can bear acts and votes to politicians? Alas for government, if it be given over utterly to those who are exclusively guided by this philosophy of expediency! Without passing upon the complicated question of political responsibility, we may at least thank God there is a God, if the leadership of parties and the helm of State are always to be entrusted to politicians of this school.

Whether we regard Mr. Disraeli's present position as his misfortune or his choice, it is one than which, as he himself would say, "there is none less inspiring." He is "the leader of a discomfited party." And "he who in the parliamentary field watches over

the fortunes of routed troops must be prepared" to fight at every disadvantage. "A disheartened opposition will be querulous and captious." "They have no future. Too depressed to indulge in a large and hopeful horizon of contemplation, they busy themselves in peevish detail, and associate their ill-luck and failure with" their leader. While all this time "inexorable duty demands that he should be as vigilant as laborious; should exercise as complete a control over his intelligence and

temper; should be as prompt to represent their principles in debate, as if he were sustained by all that encourages exertion — the approbation of the good and the applause of the wise."

So he once wrote of another. So we may now write of him. As to the future of this remarkable man, no one may venture on a prediction, and it is doubtless hidden from even his own extraordinary foresight.

LONDON, April, 1869.

THE BEAUTIES OF PROTECTION.

BY JAMES WESTERN.

YOU, O editors! with a liberality much to be commended, have opened your columns to the discussion of questions bearing on the material interests of the West — a courtesy which I fully appreciate and of which I cheerfully avail myself. And here let me premise that if, in straying through some of the paths in this flowery garden, known as protection, I heedlessly tread on the busions of any elderly, plethoric gentleman with a good bank account and a tin box full of securities — the result of his successful manufacturing industry — do ye bow most obsequiously, and say that I did it.

Let in the light upon a nest of owls, and they will cry out because of the injury you have done them; and therefore it is that the protectionists deprecate a candid discussion of this question, but rather resort to denunciation. We do not see the propriety of calling people naughty names, or charging them with being bribed with "British gold," if they fail to appreciate the beauties of the protective system as expounded by such luminous, or rather voluminous,

writers as Horace Greeley and Henry C. Carey. There is about them a spirit of vindictive malice, of haughty dictation, an impatience of contradiction, and a "Sir Oracle" demeanor, which ought not to be assumed by those who would dispassionately investigate a great problem in political economy. Had these men lived in the Dark Ages, they would have propagated religion by fire and sword; they would have extracted truth by thumb-screws and pincers; they would have produced uniformity of belief by wholesale hanging. But fortunately we live in an age and under a government where such malice is impotent, and no policy can be permanently riveted on the country except it receives the "sober second thought" of the people.

These philosophers have assumed to themselves the guardianship of Western interests. To them and their school only is it vouchsafed to catch the rays of truth as they gild the hill-tops, while we grope in the thick darkness which shrouds the valleys. Like a certain personage described in an old record, they require that we should fall

down and worship them, offering us in return uncounted blessings. But we are a little skeptical about their title; about their ability to perform. No slave-driver ever cracked his whip more vigorously over a refractory "chattel" than do these champions over those who dissent from their views. Witness their onslaught on the Special Commissioner of Revenue, David A. Wells, a pure-minded and noble officer, who has labored long and well, with no exclusive theories to establish, no party ends to subserve, to place the public credit on a firm basis, so that it should command the confidence of capitalists in the markets of the world. Failing to break the solid array of his figures, they basely insinuate that he is under British influence. There are very many men much higher in position than Mr. Wells, whose services the country could afford to dispense with sooner than with his.

So far as relates to the West, it ought to be understood that some time ago we put aside our swaddling clothes, that we cut loose from our leading strings—in fact, that we have attained to lusty manhood; and that, under a new apportionment of representation, we fully intend to exercise all the power incident to our position, in shaping the legislation of the country. It is true, through the organization of the Senate, we may be unable to accomplish all we desire, but we can at least prevent the imposition of additional burdens upon the industry of the country.

We believe that the policy of protection is founded on a narrow, sectional spirit; that it is at war with the enlightened movements of the age; that it is based on false principles as to the true sources of public wealth; that it has retarded the growth and prosperity of the West; that its tendency is to bolster up an unproductive industry at the expense of a productive industry; to directly interfere, by legislation, with the legitimate private pursuits of indi-

viduals; and to create extremes in the condition of society, making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

If, according to the theory of the protectionists, a nation becomes great in proportion as it hedges itself about with commercial restrictions, throwing vexatious impediments in the way of trade, the same principle is applicable to the different sections of the same country; and hence it is our whole policy at the West has been wrong—in connecting us by railways and canals with the East; in bridging streams and constructing highways, and in attempting to remove all impediments to easy and expeditious communication. We are wrong when we deprecate the excessive elevator-charges levied on our grain at Buffalo, and the excessive tolls on the New York Canal. We are short-sighted in our desire to wed the Mississippi with the Lakes, and to connect Erie and Ontario by a ship-canal around the Falls of Niagara. Every road should have a toll-gate, at frequent intervals, and every stream a lock; for, in proportion as you multiply these obstacles to communication, do you not promote home industry? A nation which resorts to such a course is on the high road to barbarism.

By such devices we might restore society to the condition which existed during the Middle Ages, when, according to Hallam, the rich man kept his domestic artisans among his servants, and when kings even had their clothes made by women on their farms, and when every town had its weaver, its smith, and its currier. In the domains of every lord a toll was to be paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market; and during the reign of Charlemagne it was enacted, for the relief of the traveler, that no one should be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge when he can cross a river at a more convenient place. It was

only the milder feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveler, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. Such a state of society would be peculiarly fitted to the development of home industry—secure against foreign competition.

If it costs two dollars to send a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York, and fifty cents additional to Liverpool, the reasons are just four times stronger why we should cease to send to New York rather than Liverpool. Now, as New England only raises wheat enough to support her population six weeks in the whole year, and New York about three months, we take it, that these regions are by no means solicitous of breaking up the Western trade, but so far from it, they are ready to adopt any measures to secure it; and a policy which enables them to purchase Western breadstuffs at less than the Liverpool rates, and pay for them in wares and merchandise at twice the Liverpool rates, is one which is exceedingly agreeable to them. This policy never received the deliberate sanction of the whole country; but the monopolists, taking advantage of the withdrawal of the Southern representatives and the outbreak of the war, succeeded in placing it in the statute-book.

If any Western man doubt that its practical operation is to levy a tribute on his industry, let him study the operations of trade.

Here in Chicago we have a temple erected to Ceres, known as the Chamber of Commerce. It is a magnificent structure, almost faultless in proportions, and decorated with lavish art. Here repair each day the worshipers of the goddess, to offer up corn and wheat—or, rather, some of the worshipers who deal in these articles are offered up. Take your position in the corridor;

look down upon an assemblage of a thousand men or more, moving about, examining samples, and comparing notes. Scan their features, their keen eyes, their shrewd expression. The mallet falls; the hum is hushed; and the secretary, a man of good proportions and commanding voice, announces the telegrams from Liverpool. The real business of the day then begins. The operator, knowing to a fraction the cost of transportation to that distant market, and weighing the probabilities of a rise or fall, elects whether to buy or sell. In such a crowd, a greenhorn has no business. He will be "scalped" in the twinkling of an eye, and laid out "cold as a wagon-tire." If he watches the fluctuations of the market, he will soon find that those fluctuations originate not in New York, not in the interior, but over the water; and are, like a great tidal-wave, propagated westward until they lose themselves in the Far West.

Now as to the gist of the thing. Let him select from the price-current of Chicago and Liverpool, on any given day in the year, the relative price of wheat, one of our most prominent articles of export, and of railroad iron, one of our most prominent articles of import, and he will find that the Liverpool price of wheat is the Chicago price, with the cost of transportation added; and the Chicago price of railroad iron is the Liverpool price, with about 100 per cent added. So that the result is that, by the operation of this system called protection, the Western farmer is forced to sell in a market where he encounters the competition of the world, and buy in a market where he pays two prices—exchanging, in fact, a dollar's worth of wheat for fifty cents' worth of iron.

That the blessings of protection might be

"Circumambient as the air we breathe,"
Congress has laid a small duty on

wheat, and perhaps placed some restraint on the importation of cattle,—this was at a time when rinderpest was feared,—and these services in the interests of agriculture were performed, we believe, by an ex-representative of the Chicago district; but we are compelled to confess that to these acts of national beneficence the Western farmer is sublimely indifferent. The old story of throwing a tub to a whale to amuse him while the harpoon was getting ready, need not be repeated. Then, too, there was the see-saw game between the wool-grower and the wool-manufacturer, from which great results were to follow; but the wool-grower got the heavier end of the plank, and there he sticks.

Setting aside all the platitudes about protecting American industry, creating a home-market, and developing the resources of the country, and writing "Bosh!" opposite the high-sounding resolutions which the monopolists are in the habit of passing, preliminary to a raid upon the industry of the country, in which "equal protection is to be extended" to *agriculture, manufactures, mining, and commerce*—always giving agriculture precedence—let us say that the Western farmer can not be deluded by these glittering generalities; that in order to bring him to appreciate the beauties of the "American system," it must be shown how, by a process of legislation, his products, like those of the manufacturer, can be made to bring 70, 80 and 100 per cent. more than they can command in the markets of the world. It must not be the result of a process of reasoning, of theoretical deduction, but a practical, tangible reality, expressed in dollars and cents. If the manufacturer found that this bounty was to be made up out of his particular industry, we imagine he would remonstrate, like the gray old rat that ensconced himself inside a good plump Cheshire cheese. When the lean and

hungry troop came around and sought to nibble at the rind, the old fellow would rush out and insist on being let alone, that he might give up his time to pious meditations. In the conduct of men, it matters much which party has got inside the Cheshire cheese.

What is the meaning of the word *Tariff*? It has not the classical modulation of the Greek or Latin, nor the sturdy vigor and bluntness of the Anglo-Saxon; but is a sibilant, uncouth sound, as though it were of barbarous origin. And so it is.

"If you turn," says Dean French, in his "Study of Words," "to a map of Spain, you will take note, at its southern point, and running into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands on the promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, 'Tarifa.' The name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the Mediterranean Sea; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing out of the Straits, and this was called from the place where it was levied 'tarifa' or tariff, and this is the way we have acquired the word."

How pleasing to the philological student to find that this word "tariff," through all the mutations of time, since those grim old Moors perched in their rocky eyrie, from which they swooped down on the commerce of the world, has remained unchanged in its meaning and significance! Nations may change, governments be overturned and others founded on their ruins, but the disposition of man to prey upon the industry of his fellow man changeth not.

There were two acts in the British

policy towards this country, before the colonists declared their independence, which were peculiarly objectionable, and against which they repeatedly remonstrated. One was the navigation act, by which Great Britain endeavored to monopolize the trade of all the colonies; the other was her attempt to restrict settlement to the Atlantic slope. And such we conceive to be the practical effect of a prohibitory tariff. It compels the West, virtually, under heavy penalties, to exchange her products for the wares and merchandise of the East, and it appropriates the penalties thus exacted to the maintenance of a class of people in Eastern workshops and factories who would otherwise seek homes in the West—thereby retarding settlement. Would it not be better for that class of people, now clustered in the cities and villages, and living in overcrowded tenements, if each head of a family were settled on a quarter section of land, and held a patent therefor stamped with the broad seal of Uncle Sam? We have not found it necessary, as was recently done in the enlightened State of Massachusetts, to organize a commission to inquire into the condition of children of tender years, and to enact statutes to rescue them from life-exhausting toil. The parents themselves would not be subject to an almost prison discipline, but would be the controllers of their own actions.

But, say the protectionists, if all our people were to turn agriculturalists there would be such a surplus of food that prices would be ruinously low, and much of it would rot for the want of consumers. We will admit the force of this argument when they will point to a single example, in all history, where, in the absence of commercial restrictions, provisions have rotted for the want of human mouths to eat them. This thing of demand and supply may be safely entrusted to private sagacity. Congress oversteps its powers when it

undertakes to regulate the private pursuits of the people. It is none of their business. We distrust their capacity; we have no confidence in their integrity. Are not the daily and multifarious wants of a great city like New York better supplied by private enterprise than they would be if regulated by Congress? Individual sagacity finds out just what is needed and provides for it. It determines when to import potatoes from the Bermudas, oranges from Sicily, figs from Smyrna, teas from China, coffee from Rio, and sugars from Cuba. Is the city ever threatened with famine? Do the redundant provisions ever go to waste? Emphatically, no! As with a great city, so with a nation. Its commerce and its respective branches of industry require no protection farther than the security of personal freedom. When, in its progress, a nation has arrived at a certain stage, certain branches of industry will spring up as if spontaneously, and individual sagacity will determine when that stage is attained.

It is a singular fact that Massachusetts, whose prosperity is so indissolubly linked with manufactures, should furnish three of the ablest champions of commercial freedom—Mr. Perry, a professor in Williams College; Mr. Amasa Walker, who has acquired a fortune in the boot and shoe trade; and Mr. Edward Atkinson, who is largely interested in cotton manufactures.

How can the interests of the West be subserved by protection? She has a soil of unsurpassed fertility, and a climate most favorable for the display of physical energy. Of the vast area included in the eight Northwestern States, less than one-fifth has been subdued and brought under cultivation. On the other four-fifths the sod has not been disturbed, and awaits the arrival of the hard-fisted immigrant. Here is room for one hundred millions of the

human family, and, within the memory of living men, twelve millions have found homes. From the absence of materials for construction, it is necessary that railroads and settlement should advance with equal pace. Is it necessary for our development that we should pay two prices for our railroad iron, and that that iron should be exclusively furnished by American, that is to say, by Pennsylvanian mills? Was this bribe necessary to secure the assent of that State before she would accede to the union, by an iron girdle, of the Pacific slope and the Mississippi Valley?

Such is the surface condition of our soil, that very many of the processes of agriculture can be performed by labor-saving machinery. In no region of the world can the cereal crops be raised so cheaply. Lands intersected by railroads, and accessible to stations, can be purchased at about the annual rental of the best agricultural lands of England and Scotland. The greatest boon that the government can confer upon the West is to let her alone—to adopt such a commercial policy as shall permit her products to seek the markets of the world encumbered with as few restrictions as possible, and bring back in exchange such articles as she requires for consumption, charged with such duties only as are necessary for revenue. The effect of the protective system is the same, whether the duties be exacted on the outgoing or the returning cargo. It attaches to every thing which the farmer buys—to the hoe and plough with which he stirs the soil, to the woolens and cottons with which he clothes himself and family, and to every bushel of corn which he sends to market.

This artificial system has been perfectly destructive to commerce. The people of the sea-board are naturally a maritime people, and nature, in the magnificent forests with which she has clothed the Atlantic slope, has fur-

nished the materials for ship-building; but, at this time, hardly an American ship spreads her sails on the ocean, and every ship-yard on the land is closed. We are urging a claim for a good round sum against England for actual and constructive damages inflicted on our commerce by the Alabama, but those damages are insignificant compared with those inflicted by the Morrill tariff. Under its operation, every bolt, every piece of cordage, every plate of sheathing, and every sail to catch the wind, costs two prices. The ship-builders apply to Congress for relief. In one respect their application is just; but, if relief is granted, it must be at the expense of some other industry. But they might as well suffer until the country is aroused to the iniquity of the Morrill tariff, and demands a thorough revision of the whole system.

We are seeking to enforce what was centuries ago known among Europeans as the "Mercantile System," which has become exploded by every enlightened nation—a system based, not upon a reciprocity of exchanges, which is the foundation of all commerce, but on the narrow policy of selling abroad as much as possible and buying as little as possible. It is hardly necessary to add that the ability of a nation to buy depends upon its ability to sell, and that a one-sided commerce can not be of long continuance.

It is a humiliating fact that, while most European nations are gradually relaxing those restrictions which originated in an unenlightened age, before the true sources of wealth were understood, or were imposed for the benefit of monopolists, that in this country we should have a body of men, numerous and powerful in influence, ready to levy prohibitory duties, and appeal to these antiquated restrictions as the foundation of the greatness and prosperity of the nations which adopted them; and that China, rather than Great Britain or

France, should be held up as an example for our guidance. We have grown to greatness, not by reason of protection, but in spite of it. Our prosperity is due to the abundant elements of natural wealth, and the skill and energy of our people in developing those elements. Sidney Smith once described a laborer of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-laborers, who, by the exercise of these qualities, had amassed a considerable fortune. It happened, however, that he had long been troubled with stomachic pains, from which he could obtain no relief, and which, in fact, had been the bane and torment of his life. Now, said he, if my excellent laborer were to send for a physician and to consult him respecting his malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach! Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? Have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? Has not your situation since you were first attacked been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach!" Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? "Monster of rhubarb!" he would say, "I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer and fifty times happier if I had never had pains in my stomach at all." Protection has caused the pains in our stomach, and we should have been richer and greater without it.

It is proper that the government should derive a portion of its revenue from imports to meet its enormous indebtedness. To this mode there can be no reasonable objection; but when it interferes with the legitimate pursuits of individuals, by prohibitory duties on

one article and no duties on another, so adjusted as to build up a losing trade and to depress one that is remunerative, using the power of taxation, not for the increase of the revenue, but for the benefit of particular classes, it inflicts a grievous wrong on the community. It has no right to invest any body of men with all the privileges of those old Moors of Tarifa. The right to import is just as sacred as the right to manufacture. They both stand on the same basis in every thing that relates to taxation. The people are the best judges of what conduces to national prosperity. Capital instinctively flows into the most remunerative channels without legislative aid. All that the people ask, all that capital should require, is that government maintain order and afford personal security. In this country particularly, where we recognize to the full extent the democratic principle, the people ought to be left free to follow their own instincts.

And yet what a spectacle is presented at each meeting of Congress! Vast schemes have been matured by which the profits of one industry shall be conferred on another industry. A portion of the press has been subsidized to publish whatever sophistry or ingenuity can devise to lull public suspicion; a well-paid lobby throng the aisles of the Capitol, and are allowed to thrust themselves on the floors of legislation; and even amongst the legislators, acting under the sanctity of an oath, are men who are to share largely in the results. Ben. Wade once remarked, in reference to an ex-member of Congress, "Whenever old G—— puts one hand on his heart and raises the other aloft, appealing to God, look out for a big lie." So, when we find certain members urging additional protection to certain branches of industry, look out for a big steal.

Representatives from manufacturing districts have, of course, no apologies to make, and their acts are regarded by

their constituents as evidences of cuteness; but representatives from agricultural districts, who have been weak enough, or venal enough, to aid in perpetrating these outrages, justify themselves before their constituents, that such action was necessary to protect American labor against the pauper labor of Europe. Pauper labor! The term is rung throughout all its changes by the political demagogue; and yet

these paupers, transferred to our shores, become at once free and enlightened citizens, whose votes he solicits. Congress never, by legislation, created the value of one red cent; but Congress, at each session, by legislation, transfers millions of dollars from one class of industry to another. It is about time that this political legerdemain cease. We admit that it is brilliant, but it is vastly expensive.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

BY CHARLES LANDOR.

ONE often hears of the Catacombs of Rome, less frequently of those of Paris. The foreign visitor, anxiously consulting Galignani to discover what should not be left unseen in the city, learns enough to pique his curiosity and to impel him to explore them. The engineers make official visits four times a year; and an application to the proper functionaries, a little beforehand, will always be answered by the enclosure of the requisite "billetts," which are issued at such times to all who have signified their desire to make the pilgrimage thither. Provided with this document, which announces that the Administrator of the City of Paris authorizes So-and-So to visit the Catacombs between the hours of one and two on Saturday, you repair to the ancient *Barriere d'Enfer*, not forgetting the tapers with which you are requested to furnish yourselves. It would not have been a fatal omission, however, if they had escaped your memory; the door of the house which serves as a rendezvous is besieged by a crowd of taper-venders, who make the offer of their wares with the pertinacity of New York hackmen. You pass through this house, and find yourself in a paved court-yard filled with a miscel-

laneous crowd of all races, ranks and ages. Here are the girls of a French boarding-school, English undoubtedly, composed and rosy, laden with Scotch shawls and waterproofs—their nationality not less distinctly marked than that of their red-visaged countrymen, who muster in full force, wearing the national whiskers and the unmistakable "you-have-the-advantage-of-me" air; Americans, keen-eyed, inquisitive and communicative; German students, witty among themselves at the expense of their neighbors; the official Frenchman—type common enough—and the sight-seeking Frenchman—type rare, indeed, as far as the wonders of Paris are concerned; and the ubiquitous man of the press, by glance and features, as much as by note-book, betraying his profession—all these varieties, and more, are comprehended in the motley group.

Each person, on his entrance to the yard, walks to a well which stands at one extremity, looks down, remarks to his neighbor, "We do not descend here, do we?" and, this ceremony concluded, perceives a little postern door at the farther end of an enclosure formed by chains stretched

from this well to the wall of the yard. Through this door the first man disappears, when, after tedious waiting, the chain is lifted; and ranged in a long line by twos, threes and fours, we file slowly around the yard. At this first signal of descent, every one lights his taper; but the train advances more slowly than a funeral procession, and the wise ones soon extinguish theirs. Meanwhile, whatever "doleful sound" may come from the tombs, this which goes toward them is certainly not of the lugubrious order. It is emphatically a merry crowd. Laughter is resonant, jokes in every tongue abound, and the parable of the wise virgins and of the bridegroom do substantial if not reverent service among them. As you enter the little door, a cold blast of air strikes a chill into your veins. You descend a stone staircase, which winds spirally and allows you to see only the two persons in advance of you; round and round, till you stand somewhat dizzy on the eighty-fourth step—and you are in the Catacombs. You proceed along a narrow corridor about a yard and a half wide, and just high enough to allow a man of ordinary height to enter without stooping. The walls are of a kind of yellowish stone, which crumble easily, as you see by breaking off a piece of that lying loose in some one of the fissures which appear frequently along the route. You will, of course, flare your feeble taper into these sombre recesses; you will peer through some little chink, and draw back a head no wiser and covered with dust; and your example will be followed by each of your fellow-seekers after new sensations, each ready to die rather than see less than his neighbor; and then waves of laughter will run along and break against the narrow bounds, waking discordant echoes. Farther on are shelves cut from the stone, and lining a recess at right angles to the main passage. These shelves are to be filled hereafter with

skulls. Along the walls on the right and left are dates, 1748, 1792, 1789, and so forth. These are the dates of removals hither of bones belonging to these epochs.

Along the ceiling you notice a black line running through the center, and branching now and then into arrow-heads pointing the way the visitors are going. This is the clue to these interminable labyrinths. Furnished with a candle, therefore, it would be easy enough to thread one's way along the main passage, or to regain it; but were one to lose himself in any of these routes which branch from it constantly at right angles, and be so unfortunate as to exhaust or let fall his taper, it is difficult to perceive how he would ever regain the light of day. There is a story that an unhappy mortal once did so; and if it is related to you as you hurry along these dim galleries, you will nervously feel in your pocket for the matches you deposited there at the *Barrière*; you will wonder that it did not occur to you to bring another candle and a loaf of bread. Another candle? Yes, why not a *pacquet* and a basket of provisions? It might be days before any one would come or you would find your way out, and—but here you arrive at the Ossuary. Your companions extinguish, in obedience to a mandate cut on the wall, the cigars, whose smoke has prevented you from remarking the "faint, cadaverous smell" which the guide books mention; and you enter a door over which is the inscription in Latin, "To the memory of our ancestors." Also, on the side of the wall, "Beyond those narrow bounds they rest, awaiting a blissful hope." The sight presented by the walls of this Ossuary is calculated to startle the most indifferent. The yellow stone here gives place to row upon row of skulls, piled in the most perfect order, and fitted into place with the greatest exactness, so that tier upon tier of

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these most painful reminders of mortality extend as far as you can see. At even distances along this weird chamber, the bones of the thigh and limbs are crossed under the skulls, forming a kind of sepulchral ornament. A French writer speaks of this arrangement as giving an aspect "interesting and almost agreeable" to this place; but to minds less skilled in discovering the picturesque under unfavorable circumstances, this characteristic attempt at decoration seems a horrible travesty of the solemnity of the grave, and gives to these grim remains an appearance still more ghastly.

To understand the use and plan of the Catacombs, it is necessary to be informed that they are part of the quarries by which Paris has been undermined from early ages. To this spot were removed several ancient cemeteries, whose abolition was decreed by government a few years before the Great Revolution, and it was then consecrated to its present purpose. From that time to the present, the work of removal has been going on; and every few years has seen the depopulation of some old churchyard or parish burying ground, of which all that now remains are these marble tablets on the walls, telling that the bones of the graves of such a church or parish were removed hither in such a year.

On first going to *Per la Chaise*, one is surprised at the newness of the graves in this the oldest of the cemeteries in Paris. Few of them date earlier than this century. What is left of the old graves is here. The most radical advocate of equality never conceived a more perfect exemplification of it than these heterogeneous heaps present. It has been said that in the grave all men are equal; but one does not always feel it to be so when he sees the stately monuments of kings overshadowing the nameless grave of the peasant. But here are blended in com-

mon heaps the bones of holy saints and noted criminals, proud duchesses, witty courtier, famous chronicler, valiant marshal, imperious cardinal, and favored beauty. There is nothing to distinguish the ashes of their earthly tenements from those of the simplest bourgeois, the abhorred assassin, the hopeless imbecile. There is hardly one of the oldest and noblest families of France which could not claim something here. The tablets on the walls also inform you that in this locality are the bones of the victims of 1793; in that, of those massacred on St. Bartholomew's day; and here, of the unnumbered conscripts who followed the fleet banners of the First Napoleon. There are also memorial tablets containing inscriptions taken from the Bible, Horace, Virgil, Lamartine, Racine, and others. You stop to read, perhaps to copy them; and the long procession files past you. Before you are aware of it, you stand alone in these gloomy precincts; you hear above you the thunderous rumble of carriages hurrying to scenes of gaiety, (for you are under the very heart of Paris,) and the contrast between that feverish life and this abode of death strikes you with awe—with even a momentary dismay. You hurry forward. No flaming torch appears in the darkness, no murmur of voices meets your ear; only the feeble flickering ray of your taper pierces those awful shadows. You come out finally into an open space, whence the road branches to the right and left. Which shall you take? You are ashamed of the louder beating of your heart, by the time you come in sight of the statue-like sentinel, who stands, torch in hand, pointing to the right. A few moments more, and the flaring lights of the great throng come into view. You pursue for a little while longer the monotonous route, and finally reach another spiral staircase, at whose summit you are not sorry to see the light of day, to breathe the air of life.

You will hear of other wonders in the Catacombs not here described—of a mimic fort sculptured from the rock with incredible toil and patience, by an old soldier of the last century; of a limpid spring in the basin, at whose foot sport fish brought thither by a workman; of two collections, one a mineralogical one of all the strata of the quarries, the other a scientific array of diseased bones. But should you fail to see these, you will hardly return thither to find them. It is, as a Frenchman has said, a place to which all the world will wish to go once, but to which no one will ever wish to go back. Nothing revives so decidedly whatever predilection one may have had in favor of cremation, as a visit to the Catacombs of Paris. To pass, while yet untouched by the hand of the spoiler,

through a fiery transformation, and to be returned to the welcoming breast of Mother Earth in the form of dust, from which, as Laertes says of Ophelia, should violets spring—that seems not so sad a fate for this garment of ours which we call the body. But the thought of remaining for centuries a part of the grim parade in this cavernous sepulchre, may well excite a feeling of repulsion even in the minds of those to whom their place of interment has hitherto been a matter of indifference. In America, where space is never lacking, and so many lovely Greenwoods open their bosoms to receive the forms of the beloved, the question of the mode of burial is seldom stirred; but sooner or later we shall be forced to choose between that of the Parisian and that of the Greek.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

BY AGNES LEONARD SCANLAND.

EVERY heart has tides, and to take these tides at their flood is the secret of obtaining the mastery thereof. Subtle, invisible, noiseless as the pulses of electric currents, are these wondrous tides in the human heart. To know when they overflow the banks of reason and when they are at the dead low tide of despair, requires that penetration that is power, the secret of which is self-control. So long as we are blinded by any passion of love or hatred, so long as we are constrained by vanity or goaded by irritation or biased by prejudice, so long are we unable to penetrate unto the mysteries of the human heart, and act accordingly.

For example: Yearning for sympathy, hungry for the delicate manna of affection, we seek the chosen friend of

our life; we are weak and faint, spiritually, and sink down beside him with a wordless petition for assistance. There are ten chances that his mood will be unpropitious, where there is one that it will be otherwise. He is harrassed by business, annoyed with domestic trouble, or suffering from indigestion; at all events he is cold, silent, unsympathetic. He is not thoroughly self-controlled. He realizes vaguely your need; yet can not bring himself to be the genial, sympathetic friend that you have known him to be in happier moments. You have loved him very tenderly. He knows this; yet risks losing the priceless jewel of your affection, because he lacks the godly attribute of self-control.

You, of course, do not understand

that a mortgage is about to be foreclosed, or that his relatives annoy him, or that his stomach is an inquisitor; therefore you conclude that he is indifferent to you. That he is blind to the mute appeal of your wistful eyes and deaf to the saddened cadence of your lowered tone, affords to your mind conclusive evidence that he cares nothing for you. You recall his many protestations of regard; you remember tenderly more substantial evidence of his affections; yet, for all this, his averted eye and darkened brow and repellent voice force upon you the conclusion that, in whatever esteem he may once have held you, he has now wearied of you.

Your vanity is touched, your pride wounded, your combativeness roused, and the tide in your heart—that your friend might have taken at its flood a moment ago and sailed to the uttermost corners of your soul—recedes; and when, in some more propitious hour, he would launch upon the blue waters of your friendship some barque of purpose, he finds the stream at dead low tide; he can do nothing with you. He is surprised to find how little regard you have for him.

He in turn loses control of himself; upbraids you by his manner with selfishness, shallowness, and even ingratitude. You are more than ever disgusted that he can so misunderstand you. So the breach widens; and you two, who might have been active, loving, helpful, earnest friends, had each exercised a little self-control, become either contemptuous indifferentists or bitter enemies. Each rails at the other, and each believes the other guilty of the first offense. Each is unable to understand the other, and each believes himself to have been the dupe of the other's professions of esteem.

The man whose self-love is inordinate, and whose love of praise is a controlling motive of his nature, continu-

ally thwarts himself and loses the very power he would obtain. He spends his life earning petty triumphs. He will never admit that he is wrong and a friend is right concerning a matter ever so trivial. He contends for the last word, urges his own claims, disparages others, and loses more of his neighbors' esteem by one act of selfishness or tirade of bombast than he can regain in a life-time. His self-love urges him to obtain some petty triumph that is not worth the exertion. His life is one continual illustration of the time-worn fable concerning the monkey who exhausted his bag of nuts pelting off the other monkeys who claimed a share thereof. He drove away his enemies; but he was left alone with an empty bag.

The man who is not self-controlled is a slave to his passions; and of all task-masters they are the most cruel. They estrange his friends, irritate his enemies, blind him to a perception of his interests, and drag him, socially, morally and intellectually, into depths from which he may never hope to rise. When the world is in the mood to be conciliated, and influenced accordingly, he is suffering from wounded vanity or insulted pride, or is in the pursuit of some purely selfish scheme, and can neither see what the world wants nor minister to that want—consequently, when he demands a favor of that world he is refused; having invested nothing therein he can draw nothing therefrom. Where occasion comes for energy, purpose, calmness and self-abnegation, he is not the man; he is either chained to some nonsensical rock of prejudice or confused by some buzzing insect of fancy, so that he has not sufficient control of his faculties to make them do the work that is required of them.

The foundation of all success, the secret of all power, is self-control. And by self-control is meant not merely self-repression, but self-direction. We must

be able not only to restrain the feeling that is to injure, but also to express the emotion that is to advance. If our friend is unable to grant us the sympathy and support we desire, we must control our own hunger and thirst, rouse ourselves from our own weakness, and minister to him; and by so doing not only do we bind him to us by ties tender and imperishable, but we strengthen ourselves and increase that self-control through which we become kings and queens—monarchs not only of that which we survey, but of that which eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard.

It is an oft-repeated adage, that if we would control others we must control ourselves; and it is true. The mechanism of the human mind is so wondrous that to understand it we must have every faculty alive and unbiased by passion or prejudice.

If we would have others come to us, we must go to them. If we would have them lean upon us and look up to us, we must stand erect, regally self-controlled, royally self-sustained. To prostrate ourselves at their feet, weakly imploring their affection or obedience, would be to excite their contempt, and consequently their denial. Men can not give you the control of their minds and hearts; you must take it. You must prove yourself a monarch if you would reign over them. You must demonstrate to them that you do not need their assistance; but that you are willing to give them yours. You can only make them look up to you by towering above them. It will never do to urge upon them your claim to their gratitude or to their consideration on the score of old acquaintanceship, or compassion, or for any other motive than simple justice.

A man may pity you, or be grateful to you; yet he can not control his affection or his respect. You must force, you can not beg, them from him. If you would have him lean upon you,

you must prove yourself stronger than he. If you would inspire his respect, you must prove yourself independent of his opinion. You must demonstrate your ability to walk alone, without irritating him by any foolish contempt for his assistance.

And herein lies great necessity for self-control: in the temptation to feel contempt for that which we realize as a non-essential to our success or our happiness. When a man has conquered opposition, has climbed by slow and painful degrees to a strongly-contested position, and finds his weaker opponent suddenly desirous of becoming his friend, he needs more than ever self-control to repress the contempt he feels, and make the best possible use of his quondam enemy.

Some one says: "If you want to see the bottom of a man's heart, make him angry; for thus shall he lose his self-control and show himself as he is." It is the loss of self-control, then, that enslaves us; this that hides our virtues and discloses our foibles, and lays bare the vulnerable spot, that we may be thrust through with a dart. When we lose control of ourselves and realize our own weakness, our own inability to stand erect and walk alone, then we essay to lean upon some one else; we pin our faith, as it were, to another man's coat-sleeve, and depend upon his self-control, his steadiness of purpose and persistence of efforts, for our success or failure. His promise to sustain us, to be equal to our every emergency and devoted to our every desire, we accept as the guarantee that he will do as he agrees. The fact that he is sincere, we accept as proof that he is reliable. We do not consider that he is but mortal, that his heart and will are subject to changes over which he can have no control. The mere fact that he intends to love and serve us is no proof that, against his will, his love may not change, and his ability to serve us be

inadequate to the occasion of our necessity.

We build upon sand when we rely upon the immutability of any human heart or the omnipotence of any mortal mind. The intention may be good enough, but the self-control is imperfect and the power circumscribed. A man may as well promise never to have the headache as to promise never to care less for us. He can no more foresee the influences that are to be brought to bear upon his mind and the changes that are to take place, without volition in his heart, than he can foretell and control his exact physical condition a year hence. A man may desire ever so much that you retain his heart; yet it is not in his power to give you that heart—you must take it. It is beyond his control, and he can no more promise it to you than he can promise you half of the solar system.

It is a capricious intangibility, that requires not only winning but keeping; not merely possession, but care in handling. It is a wild, capricious, importunate thing, that must neither be starved nor satiated; neither drowned in milk nor choked with meat, but fed judiciously with both. It must recognize you as its slave and its master, its support and its dependence—identical with it and yet independent of it, controlling and yet obeying it. In short, its demands are so numerous and contradictory, so entirely beyond the power of language to describe or reason to control, that you can no more prophesy its course than you can determine its movements. Therefore you can reasonably expect from it nothing beyond a spasmodic tenderness and short-lived regard. By this you are not to understand that it never gives more than this. You are merely to understand that the game of love or friendship is a game of chance; you may obtain more or less. But you are to understand the risk that you run—and it is the part of

wisdom to cultivate that self-control that will leave you as much as possible independent of the fluctuations of any human heart.

And by being independent is not meant that you are to wrap yourself in selfish isolation; that you are to resist every gracious, delicious influence, and tear up by the roots every blossom that essays to bud and blow in the waste places of your life. That is not independence; it is merely narrow-minded selfishness.

True independence is that which gives generously, yet asks in return nothing; is willing to pour out love and mercy without stint and without measure, yet is not cast down if it receive in return nothing; pities rather than blames the vacillation of a heart too weak for constancy; and forgives rather than upbraids a nature too narrow for the grand necessities of its superiority.

True independence does not close its ears to the whisperings of affection, lest it should rely too much thereon, and be wrecked accordingly. Knowing its own strength, it is not afraid to lay aside the weapons of its caution and prudence, and open the doors of the temple wherein it dwells. It entertains royally, sumptuously, and with generous trust, the stranger knocking at its gates; and if that stranger prove to be a soul-kinsman worthy of dwelling for a lifetime in the castle to which he is admitted, independence has gained rather than lost by fearlessness and generous trust. If, on the other hand, the stranger prove to be an alien, he will soon weary of the castle-walls, and nothing is lost by his departure.

The independence, however, that can do these things springs from self-control—the self control that prevents a man from being led by his passions, biased by his prejudices and tortured through his affections. Of course, no one can attain perfect self-control,

therefore no one can become omnipotent; yet according to the degree of our self-government is our freedom or slavery.

Some one says: "We ever err when our endurance fails us but for a moment." Endurance is but another word for one phase of self-government. When our sorrow becomes too heavy for us to carry in silence, we confide it to some friend, that we may receive the temporary support of that friend's sympathy. Our endurance fails and we err—err in asking sympathy; for there are ten chances to one that we receive with the sympathy an element of contempt, making it rather a curse than a blessing. Our weakness may excite our friend's compassion, yet it can never elicit his respect; or if he fail to regard our sorrow with contempt, he will, in all probability, confide it to some one else, who will have for us less compassion; and so our story will be told and retold until it becomes rather a matter of derision than respect. In seeking temporary relief from the weight of our burden, we bring upon ourselves that which is harder to endure—ridicule and contempt.

If we would walk upright and reach the goal of our aspiration, we must rely not upon others but upon ourselves. We must not only tame, but train, our passions; not mutilate, but educate them; not chain them in solitary confinement, but keep them at rational employment; make of them useful slaves rather than imbecile prisoners. They must be ready for service as well as restrained from unbridled license. They must minister to us, even while controlled by us.

We can rely upon no man to either direct or lead us in the way we should

go. We must rely upon ourselves; and in order to make the best possible use of ourselves, self-government must be learned as an art and studied as a science. It can not be obtained in a week, nor a month, nor a year, nor without repeated efforts and failures. Controlling ourselves in one particular, we find ourselves ungoverned in another. Keeping watch at the front door, we forget the side-entrance; or, bolting the doors, we neglect the windows.

Coleridge says: "Human perfection is like a blanket that is too short: if our shoulders are covered our feet are bare; while if we essay to protect our feet our shoulders are exposed."

Considering this, it behoves us to be watchful, that not being able to be perfect, we may be as perfect as possible; and to do this requires self-reliance or self-government.

By this is not meant that we are never to grasp a helping hand, or lean upon a strong arm, or walk beside the cool waters of a deep heart! No, no! We shall find these things if we deserve them; yet we deserve them only by being able to do without them.

In making the journey of life, we must take with us sufficient for the contingencies thereof. We must by no means rely upon the probabilities of chance hospitality. Such things may be; but he is wise who relies upon the certainty of his own effort and ability rather than upon the bare possibility of a friend's assistance.

These truths are trite and commonplace; yet they are such as every soul needs to perpetually remember; they are the "five-finger exercises," so to speak, that neither beginner nor accomplished musician may neglect.

RAMBLINGS IN THE ORIENT—BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.

BY HARRY T. COOK.

MY first view of Beyrout was by sunrise on a pleasant winter's morning. Winter, be it remembered, in that all but tropical clime does not imply what it does with us; there the flowers bloom, the trees retain their foliage, and almost the only perceptible difference is that raw winds prevail from the Mediterranean, and the rains fall in greater frequency. A scene of more surpassing loveliness I have scarcely ever beheld. The king of day was just appearing above the jagged edges of Lebanon, fresh from the plains of Mesopotamia, where he had lingered long enough to shed his effulgent beams upon the Tigris and Euphrates, and then, hastening away, had come to gladden the shores of the sea with his light, and to awake all nature into the enjoyment of another day. The snow-clad summits of the Lebanon Range, extending as far as the eye could reach on either side, were bathed in a bright tinge of roseate hue, which, fading as it crept down the mountain side, dissolved itself into the purest of white. The lower slopes were clothed in a garb of dark green and russet brown, with here and there a patch of firs and cedars, (not *the Cedars of Lebanon*—they are many miles north of Beyrout, behind Tripoli,) or a clump of stone pines, looking like detached bodies of an army who were slowly and painfully making their way up the steep hill-side. Great ravines, down which the torrents leaped, and into whose inmost recesses the rays of the sun were unable to penetrate, appeared as furrows wrought by the omnipotent hand of Time; and winding along in a ser-

pentine manner, resembling a ribbon of white sand, was the macadamized diligence road connecting Damascus with its seaport. The plain extending from the base of Lebanon to the sea is one of great fertility, highly cultivated, and yielding abundant harvests; the palm trees growing on this plain are the largest I have ever seen, rearing their slender stems to the height of nearly one hundred feet, and at that elevation throwing out their long tufts of feathery leaves. In the immediate foreground lay the city of Beyrout, the largest seaport on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. This city presents a very unoriental appearance from the sea, being the most Europeanized of any place in the Levant, and owing her prosperity entirely to her trade with the western nations. Her large warehouses and solidly built structures seem out of place by the side of the graceful minaret and swelling dome; while the activity in her harbor, where vessels are continually arriving and departing for all parts of the globe, is not compatible with the quiet and indolence that usually prevails in a Syrian town, where life seems to glide by as unruffled as in a dream, and everything speaks of the dead past. But Beyrout has one remnant of antiquity—an old castle, standing at the end of the mole, the rocks of whose foundation have been washed by the waves until they are wreathed and embroidered with different patterns of seaweed, and on whose mutilated edges the waves break, casting a shower of snow-white foam upon the ruined structure above. This castle was destroyed by the English, whose cannon made

great rents in its sides, and left it a mere shell, to become the home of countless flocks of birds.

Landing from the steamer in an Oriental port is often a matter of great difficulty and trouble. In the boat, your rowers quarrel among themselves, dash the oars about at the imminent peril of upsetting the frail craft, and scream and swear at each other in a most frantic manner. The moment the shore is reached their contention ceases, and they become one unanimous whole in endeavoring to plunder you of every piaster; and if you object to this robbery, they gesticulate wildly, roll up their eyes, converse fluently in the Arabic tongue, and if you remain obdurate, cast curses upon you, and leave with a wail of despair. The moment the boatmen are off your hands, the custom house officials step up to examine baggage and passports; these individuals are just as rapacious as those who have preceded them, and expect a "bucksheesh," as a sort of a right, for having done you the favor of running their dirty hands over your whitest linen, upon all of which they leave their official impression. The man who carries your baggage and the donkey who carries you to the hotel invariably create another disturbance when you settle with them, and you empty the contents of your purse upon them in perfect despair, so confused have you become through all these annoyances. I think it is well for Job that he never landed in an Eastern city, or his reputation as the most patient man in the world would have suffered irreparable damage thereby.

The streets of Beyrouth, in common with those of all Oriental cities, are extremely narrow, the width of the principal of them scarcely exceeding twenty feet; they are very badly paved with round cobble stones, and have no side-walks. They are lined on either side with long rows of square houses, having

flat roofs; these houses have latticed windows upon the streets, which serve as a screened position, from whence the ladies can observe all that passes below, while they remain unseen. The thoroughfares upon which the business is transacted present at all times an exceedingly animated and lively appearance, being filled with a motley crowd, wearing a great variety of costumes, and all seeming bent upon making as much noise as possible. The language of signs, which enters so materially into the conversation of the Italians, is also peculiar to the sons of Ishmael, who, when engaged in consultation, gesticulate in a very violent manner; which, although seemingly ludicrous, adds much to the force and vivacity of the discussion, and of course increases the prevailing hubbub. The market-place is generally the busiest spot of all; there the people seem to be congregated in countless numbers, all the purchasers wrangling for a diminution in the price of the articles they are buying, while the venders endeavor to maintain their prices. Sober-faced donkeys, with their panniers heavily laden, trot freely about, plunging through crowds of people, scattering them to the right and left, and upsetting the small stands upon which the petty merchants have spread their stores; said venders being so much accustomed to such treatment that they simply shower maledictions upon the donkey and his owner as they proceed to gather up their fallen wares. Occasionally a few slow-footed camels will be seen threading their noiseless way through the throng; but they are almost rarities in Beyrouth—the camel, although a very good animal in its way, seeming to recede as civilization advances.

The hotel Bellevue is decidedly one of the finest houses in the city. It is built of stone, in the Saracenic style of architecture, with a long marble-floored hall passing through the center. Our room

was a large, airy one, carpeted most appropriately with Turkish mats, and having windows looking out upon the sea; at these it was our constant delight to sit, dreamily gazing out upon the chameleon-colored water, and watching the never-ceasing breakers dash on the rocky shore. Naturally our thoughts would often turn backward, and in fancy we would imagine that the old times had returned again, when Phoenicia was a great power, and her capital city, Tyre, reigned queen of the Eastern Mediterranean; when galleys laden with the products of her artizans, and bearing as their most precious freight goods dyed in the celebrated Tyrian purple, were carried into all parts of the then civilized world. What a mighty change has been wrought by the lapse of centuries! Tyre, imperial Tyre, has fallen; her harbor is deserted, her streets are almost empty, and a half savage population, subsisting by the meanest occupations, alone remain to mourn over her past greatness; while Beyrouth, which in the palmy days of Phoenicia was an insignificant village, has arisen to be one of the chief commercial ports of the Orient, and her thoroughfares overflow with representatives from all parts of the globe. The galleys propelled by chained rowers have given place to huge ships—the mighty Leviathans of the deep; and the old civilization, it is to be hoped, is making room for the new. The reign of fanaticism, ignorance and superstition is gradually drawing to a close, and a purer and more Christian era is dawning—at least for Beyrouth.

In no point in Turkey have the efforts of the American missionaries been attended with more success than here. An Oriental is taught to despise a Christian as an enemy of his faith, and his prejudices are confirmed by the recital of the wars which his forefathers maintained with the Crusaders; and, as is always the case with uneducated

minds, hate and fear have distorted their imaginations, and they look upon us as particularly opposed to their religion, and deem it a meritorious duty to insult and injure a Christian on every occasion. It is only through intercourse with us that these impressions wear off, and they find us to be people of honesty and truthfulness, and of superior mental abilities and education to themselves. Hence it is that on the seaboard, where they are brought directly into contact with us, we are regarded with greater favor than by the inhabitants of the interior.

As our party had a desire to visit the schools under the charge of the mission, we obtained an introduction to Dr. Bliss, President of the Syrian Protestant College, and through his kindness were guided through them. He first conducted us to the female school, which was in a large, substantial building, erected for the purpose. I remember that a neat pavement of pebble mosaic led to the door, and in the center of this, both in Arabic and English characters, was inscribed the simple word, "Welcome." A more appropriate motto could scarcely have been found; for it indicated, through its kind invitation, that all were welcome there, irrespective of religion; and whosoever desired it, could obtain a solid education, simply through the payment of zeal and assiduity on their part. The scholars seemed bright and active, and, according to the teachers, who were Christian Arab women, make great and rapid progress. They recited for us in English and Arabic, and before we left sang several hymns in both languages. Their pronunciation of English is good—much better, in my estimation, than that of the generality of foreigners. Attached to this school is the printing office, where compositors from New York were engaged in setting up the (to us) Arabic hieroglyphics, and they kindly initiated us into the

mysteries of electrotyping. We were also shown the type already set up, from which is struck off the sheets for the Bible, which has been translated by Dr. Van Dyke, one of our first Arabic scholars. Not far distant is the Syrian Protestant College, a large institution founded for the purpose of giving the Arab youths a collegiate education, and sending them forth as ministers, teachers and physicians. This idea is a most excellent one; for these native missionaries can penetrate into districts within which foreigners would not be suffered to enter, and can carry the blessed teachings of the Savior to their benighted fellow men, and these teachings, coming from them, would be received without suspicion or distrust. I never fully appreciated the services of the missionary until I saw them laboring in their field of action, surrounded by ignorance and superstition, and persecuted with the severest opposition by both people and government. I felt when I saw them at their proper station, that they were true followers of Christ; men who, having left home and friends at the solemn injunction to "go and preach the Gospel to every creature," had enrolled themselves for the fight, and having gone forth to battle, were undeterred by the obstacles which lay in their pathway, and were determined to push steadfastly onward till the object of their mission was accomplished.

Stage coaches in this land and age of progress are rapidly becoming obsolete; few now remain in operation, and these few run to the more out of the way places, are old, rickety and dilapidated in appearance, and seem only to be waiting for the irroad of steam to cause them to disappear and sink in oblivion. Many of the readers of the *WESTERN MONTHLY*, casting their recollections twenty years backward—if it is possible for an American to remember any thing so remote—can recall the days

when these lumbering vehicles crawled over the land, and when a journey to New York was as much of an undertaking as a voyage to Lisbon would be in these times of expeditious travel. In Europe, as well as in America, railroads have become universal, and the diligences of the last generation are being banished to the more remote and unfrequented districts, or else hold dominion among the rocky fastnesses of the Alps, and in the wild scenery of the Iberian Peninsula, where the very names of improvement and innovation are detested by the people.

While the youngest portion of the world, benefited by the discoveries of science, has adopted the use of steam as motive power, the oldest part of the globe, and the land where the earliest history of man was compiled, has just commenced using the stage coach as a means of conveyance. Until within a recent period, there was no road, properly so-called, in the whole of Syria; mule paths, scarcely exceeding two feet in width, serving as the only way of communication from city to city. There is at present but one practicable for wheeled vehicles, and this is the macadamized diligence road leading from Beyrouth to Damascus, the completion and success of which is owing to the fact that it was built and is managed by French capital. Roused to emulation by the prosperity of this foreign company, the government is endeavoring to make a highway between Joppa and Jerusalem; but if it continues in their hands it will, I fear, prove a failure.

The Turk seems incapable of planning and directing great works, and all the improvements that have been introduced into their country of late years have been the results of English, French or American energy. This road between Joppa and Jerusalem has been in process of construction for several years, and now not more than one-sixth

is completed, and that is so poorly done that a heavy flood of rain would wash the whole thing away. Men, women and children are engaged in picking up the small round stones that lay in innumerable quantities over the face of the entire country, and then, placing them in baskets holding about two pecks each, they convey them on their backs to the place of deposit. These observations on the mode of working practiced by the Orientals, is a fair sample of what I saw throughout their entire land; they seem ready enough to labor, but have no idea how the labor should be accomplished.

The distance between Beyrouth and Damascus is about seventy-six miles, and the time occupied in making the trip, in good weather, is twelve hours; but, unfortunately, our journey was made under disadvantageous circumstances. The rain was pouring down, and the indications of a pleasant trip very remote, when, at the early hour of four in the morning, we entered the shed which served as the diligence office of Beyrouth, and with anxious eyes sought to discover the vehicle that was to be our prison for that day. Every thing about the office seemed to go wrong. They had promised to send a carriage to our hotel for us by three o'clock, but four struck and none appeared; so we were obliged to walk to the station, and reaching there, had the satisfaction of seeing our conveyance driving out of the gates. The diligence was also behind hand, and when we arrived the horses had not been put in, and we were obliged to take our seats and wait in the cold. While we were impatiently doing so, with all our Yankee spirit crying out against such needless confusion and delay, our party was reinforced by some companions in misery, in the shape of a bevy of nuns, under the charge of a good-natured old priest; and our attention was immediately attracted to these new comers.

The good Sisters of Charity looked very simple and pretty in their coarse, dark-blue dresses and large white bonnets, whose neatly starched folds stood out on either side of the head like immense bat-wings. After tears and lamentations, and many fond embraces, eight of the nuns crowded into the small space denominated the interior, which was intended to hold but six. The door was shut upon them, and the old priest mounted the diligence and took his seat by us. How the nuns preserved their bat-wing bonnets in their original stiffness, has always been a marvel to me; but, as they left the diligence at Damascus with those articles unharmed, I can well believe that their preservation required much solicitude and care. The horses having been attached to the vehicle, at length all was ready; and the driver, mounting to his box, snapped his long whip, and setting off at a round pace, we rattled through the streets of the silent city, and out into the open country. As every thing about us was yet in darkness, we made the acquaintance of the priest, whom we found to be a French Lazarite friar, who had lived for many years in the East, and whom I can well believe had done much good in his mission. He was well educated and intelligent, and gave us much valuable information in regard to the people and the state of the country. He seemed to be a good Christian, and was at least very attentive in the observance of his religious duties, as often in the day I saw him reading his breviary, and several times he crawled back among the baggage, where he told his beads and repeated prayers.

Our route for the first few miles after leaving Beyrouth led through a rich and fertile plain, where orchards of orange, olive and mulberry trees were luxuriantly growing; here, too, were to be seen strong hedges of the species of cactus that we call prickly-pear in this

country. It attains a considerable height, measuring from ten to twelve feet, and forms an impenetrable fence, through which it is almost impossible to force a passage. After the first relay, we began climbing the mountain, which was accomplished through a very gradual ascent, caused by a succession of many turns and windings. If it had been a pleasant day, we would have obtained a fine panorama of Beyrouth and the whole coast line from Tripoli to Tyre; but this pleasure was denied us, as our view of the plain below was obstructed by thick clouds of gray vapor that entirely veiled the landscape, and conveyed the impression that, from the confines of the world, we were gazing into chaos. As we advanced on our upward journey, we found the rain changing into snow, and soon were in the midst of a severe storm, where the feathery flakes danced about, covering the driver and horses with a purer garb than they had for some time worn, and, much to our discomfiture, forcing their way through the canvas of the diligence. This being the first snow we had encountered for more than a year, it was, in the beginning, regarded as a novelty; but, as it increased, and the drifts in the road grew deeper, we changed our opinion. At length matters came to a crisis by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, and we discovered that we were snowed up, with but little prospect of soon seeing Damascus. Being opposed to remaining where we were, all the passengers descended, and applying our shoulders to the huge conveyance, caused it to move, and in this manner proceeded until the summit of the Pass, some 7,000 feet above the Mediterranean, was gained. Once there, our difficulties were over, and we dashed down the opposite side of the mountain at a swift and almost dangerous speed.

About four in the afternoon we reached the station of Stoora, tired and

hungry, where we descended to make, as we hoped, a good dinner. For many hours we had been comforting ourselves with the prospect of this meal, to cheer us after so much tribulation; but one glance at the repast spread before us dissolved these fond expectations, and we sat mournfully down, resolved to accept our fate, and comforting ourselves with the reflection that every one in this life is doomed to eat a peck of dirt, and concluded that it was as well to take the whole amount at once as to consume it in detached portions. As we were sitting down, a lady of our party remarked that she strongly suspected our table-cloth to be a sheet. Of course we hoped that she was deceived; but afterwards I had undoubted proof that she was right—for on my return to Beyrouth, a few days later, we had occasion to spend the night at Stoora, when the article in question did duty on my bed, and in the morning performed its daily function. This appetizing discovery caused us to believe that our host was an Italian, which proved to be the case; and we sent for him with the intention of venting our wrath upon his devoted head. But the moment his dirty yet benign face appeared in the door, we abandoned our resolution, and turned the matter off by making inquiries in regard to the possibility of finding horses at his station to take us to Baalbek in a few days.

After leaving Stoora, our road for some eighteen miles was over the plain of Baalbek; which, in common with many of the level tracts in Syria, would require but a little cultivation and careful drainage to convert it into a blooming garden. In its present state it is but little better than a swamp, the rich black loam being soaked with water, and willows, shrubs and brown heather consuming the substance of the earth. The villages, which, like angels' visits, are few and far between, consist of

small collections of mud huts, squalid and uninhabitable in appearance, and at a distance resembling knolls of earth, or a quantity of those huge anthills which the traveler under the Equator frequently encounters. No pleasant farm-house, with its well-filled barns, is to be met with through the length and breadth of Syria; the state of the country being so bad that even the poorest of the people are compelled to congregate together in a town, for their mutual safety. And hence the beauty of their finest landscapes is marred to an American; for one of the signs of our prosperity is the development of agriculture and the encouragement given to its pursuit, as displayed by the numerous farms that dot the face of the entire country. I would not, however, convey the idea that this great plain of Baalbek is totally unfruitful, for in several places I saw the Arabs plowing and sowing; but the means employed seemed too inefficient to insure much return for their labors. The plow in general use was simply the crooked limb of a tree, with one end sharply pointed, and sometimes improved by the addition of a bone, which served the purpose of a plow share. To this rude machine a camel and a donkey, or oftener a donkey and a cow, were harnessed, who pulled it over the field, scarcely disturbing the soil, and at best merely scratching a long, shallow furrow.

Beyond this level expanse the road ascended again, over the mountains of Anti Lebanon, which, although not so high as the Lebanon range, are well deserving of the title of mountains, as the snow rests upon their peaks from

year to year. They seemed much broken, with valleys and ravines traversing them, which made traveling tedious, as we were obliged to make so many ascents and descents; but at length they were left behind, and the smoothness of the road and the flatness of the country informed us that our long ride was nearly over. Before we reached the city we crossed and drove along the banks of the Abana, a clear, limpid stream, the very name of which seemed music in our ears. Abana and Pharpar! Who does not remember the incredulity of Naaman, the Syrian, when he indignantly asked Elisha's messenger, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may not I wash in them and be clean?"

This passage from the Old Testament has rendered these rivers famous for all times and ages to come. And truly they are worthy of celebrity; for in that land of muddy streams their clear and pellucid waters are most refreshing to the eye and satisfactory to the soul; and one of the pleasantest memories that I have retained of Damascus is the recollection of those clear, pure waters, that flow through the very heart of that dirty city, and seem all the brighter by the contrast. Just outside the gates of the city the Lazarite priest pointed out to us a large grove of mimosa trees, in which, he informed us, he, in company with all the Christian population of Damascus, were congregated for several days during the terrible massacre of 1860, when 8,000 of their number fell a prey to the fury and fanaticism of the Mahometans.

A GRASP OF GEOLOGIC TIME.

BY ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

HOW shall the mind obtain relief from the oppressive idea of eternity which confronts it on every page of geologic history?

We seize upon a thread of relations, and follow it back through the whirl of terrestrial revolutions till the head swims and the vision grows dim and the symbols of duration cease to excite adequate emotions—as when words of eloquence fall upon ears of lead. We lift the veil which conceals the future, and cast our glances down the vistas of coming time; but again our thought is paralyzed, and we sink into the depths of eternity as stupidly as the reptile withering in his rocky crevice.

Oh for an expanse of thought that shall permit us to seize upon the years of God! This world of ours, we have been told, instead of being the result of creative energy put forth six thousand years ago, is the product of revolutions that have exhausted millions of years in their consummation. The twenty or thirty populations which have passed like shadows over the surface of our planet, have each had a duration at least equal to that of the existing population, whose beginning stretches back into the fogs of mystery and myth. When imagination has wandered back to the beginning of this succession of life, it finds itself at the conclusion of an older history, during which the powers of fire and water were struggling with each other for supremacy upon the globe. Still back of this elemental contest we behold the scenes of the undisputed reign of fire, when the terrestrial globe was a self-luminous orb. And yet deeper in the infinitudes

of the past we are forced to contemplate the matter of the earth and of all her sister planets, a blended blaze of ethereal flame. While we stand paralyzed and wondering in the presence of such unmeasured flights of time, the geologist, the astronomer and the physicist open their mouths in unison to assure us that, from the beginning to the end, this mass of matter has been wasting its heat in infinite space as fast as the wings of ether could bear it away; and that every phenomenon of terrestrial history, from primordial light to the last spring tempests, has been only a consequent or a concomitant of this progressive cooling. And when we ask how long the duration of the work, they reply that the earth has cooled only one-fourteenth of a degree in the last twenty-five centuries.

Even when we narrow our observations down to the compass of the closing events of terrestrial history, we stand amazed before the revelation of eternity. The renovation of the continental surface by the great glacier, and the floods which attended upon its dissolution, was the last great revolution which passed over the surface of the land. Yet, of all its vicissitudes, nothing has been preserved to us by the history or traditions of our race. It lies back in the unmeasured realm of the geologic aons. Since the disappearance of the glacier, geological results which to the eye of a generation seem stationary, have been accumulated in aggregates of stupendous magnitude. The gorge of Niagara, seven miles long, one thousand feet broad,

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and two hundred and fifty feet deep, has been worn out by an agency which demands a century to render its results perceptible. The peninsula of Florida has been undergrown by a coral reef and added to the domain of the land. The delta of the Mississippi has taken the place of a broad estuary which penetrated deep into the heart of the land. There are those who would have us believe that even the monuments of human activity date back a thousand centuries, while the decline of the continental glacier, the extinction of the last fauna, the wastage of the pre-glacial surface of North America—these are events which stretch aons upon aons into the remoter past.

Now, let us gaze the ages steadily in the face. Let us see if it be impossible to take in the compass of a geological period. Let us seek for a unit of measure with which we may gauge the cycles of terrestrial evolutions. Let us grope for a parallactic base-line of known dimensions, from which we may take the bearings of events gleaming down upon us from primeval time.

Not all great geologic events date back to a high antiquity. Here has been the first error in our premises. Man did not come upon a world in which history had closed. He came in the midst of the progress of events. Man himself was one in the series of events. Great vicissitudes preceded his coming; great vicissitudes have even followed his coming. We have thought that when man appeared the work of geologic agencies had been completed, and that his race was destined to contemplate things in a state of fixity, or moving in ever-repeated cycles; hence every momentous revolution in terrestrial affairs, of which we trace the records, must have antedated Adam. It must stretch back into remote antiquity. When, therefore, we discovered, as we must discover, that man had been the witness of vast geologic changes, we first, as

by an impulse, declared that man's existence mounts also to an antiquity measured by scores of thousands of years.

We have learned another lesson in the primer of science. The great tide of events which we have witnessed sweeping down through the ages of paleozoic and later geologic time, is now sweeping past our very eyes. It is the same tide; we ourselves are borne upon its bosom. In our brief day we may note a few of the vicissitudes which swell and perpetuate the current.

What man of adult years does not know some reedy bog which in his boyhood was a skating-pond? Who that has attained the years of grandsire has not seen meadow land in spots which he once knew as reedy bog? The alluvial meadow has grown from the reeking marsh; the marsh emerged from the shallow lake-bottom by the slow filling of the depression. The whole work is one within the grasp of human comprehension. But the little lake was a vestige of the last inundation of the ocean, which followed the glacial visitation. So the great glacier almost looms into view.

The traditions of the Greeks preserved the memory of an ancient submergence of the Scythian plains. The vast steppes of Russia and Siberia, like the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, were once the bottom of a shallow sea or lake. The obstructed outlet of the Black Sea dammed the waters to such an altitude that the Black and Caspian and Aral were one, a greater Mediterranean spreading over the most fertile areas of the Orient—which were thus preparing, as the American prairies were at the same time preparing, to become the garden of the continent to which they belong. This lacustrine region is the ancient Scetonia. In the progress of events, an earthquake throe shivered the barriers of the Thracian Bosphorus, and the Oriental prairie land was drained. The fable of the

floating Symplegades perpetuates the memory of the relative transpositions of land and water. History preserves no record of this great hydrographic revolution. It has been borne down to the reach of history by the lips of tradition, which ever delights to reproduce the marvels of the past. Here was a great geologic emergence of almost half a continent which our race stood by to witness.

There are indications not a few that the delta of the Nile and the entire desert of Sahara have been the bed of the Mediterranean within the human epoch. Aristotle refers to the growth of the Nilotic delta in his own times; and Strato and Strabo recognize the probability that it had been covered, in times not very remote, by the waters of the Mediterranean. The sands of the desert, as many travelers and geographers have suggested, are but the monuments of an ancient aqueous expanse, probably a wider Mediterranean sea. When recently drained, this ancient sea-bottom, like that of ancient Sectionis and Illinois, was a prairie soil, and supported a thrifty population during the life-time of a nation; but, like other continental surfaces, which have fulfilled their part in the sustentation of a race, the Egyptian plains have deteriorated to a limit beneath the needs of civilization, and civilization has sought out fresher areas on which to continue its march.

The traditions of every nation preserve the memory of a widespread and destructive deluge. One such deluge transpired in the Orient, and swept off the contemporary populations. Our sacred records assert that "the waters prevailed upon the earth one hundred and fifty days," that they covered elevated mountains, and that all living creatures in the country (*haarets*, the whole region) perished. Berosus, the Chaldee historian, speaks of a universal deluge which occurred before the reign

of Belus. The sacred books of the Hindoos preserve the record of a great deluge which occurred about the time of the Mosaic flood. Confucius represents the Emperor Jao as exercising his authority or power in effecting the retreat of the waters of a Chinese deluge, which completely inundated the plains and lesser hills and washed the feet of the highest mountains. It is probably the same deluge which exists in the mythology of Greece. Thus Ovid, in his beautiful account of the deluge of Dencalion, says:

*"Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;
Omnia pontus erant. Deearant quoque littora
ponto."*

Even the Mosaic narrative of Noah reappears in the "Metamorphoses:"

*"Jupiter, ut liquidis stagnare paludis orbem,
Et superesse videt de tot modo millibus unum,
Et superesse videt de tot modo millibus unum,
Innotus ambo, cultores numinis ambo,
Nubila disiegit."*

This deluge was occasioned by the "opening of the windows of heaven" and the "breaking up of the fountains of the great deep;" or, in the highly poetical words of the "Metamorphoses," Neptune, coming to the aid of Jove, summoned the rivers to his palace and commanded them to pour forth their strength.

*"Hi rediunt, ac furentibus ora relaxant,
Et defrenato volvuntur in æquora cursu.
Ipsa tridentis suo terram percussit; et illa
Intremuit, motuque sinus patefacit aquarum."*

There can be no doubt that a destructive inundation, general throughout the East, occurred in the early history of our race. Neither is it to be doubted that well-known natural causes have been adequate to the production of such an inundation. As the upheaval of some portion of the Alps, in the period just before the creation of man, sent a destructive inundation over a large part of Europe, so the uprising of some portion of the mountains of the Cau-

casus, including Mt. Ararat, may easily have been accompanied by the emission of such quantities of watery vapor as by condensation to deluge half a continent. Such a visitation, transforming the surface of extensive areas, has been witnessed by our race during the period of authentic history.

The hydrographic changes which have transpired in northern China are among the most extensive and remarkable that have been witnessed by man. On all except the most recent maps of China, the Hoang Ho or Yellow River is represented as having its outlet in the Yellow Sea, near the city of Hwaingan, in latitude 34° . During the Taiping rebellion, a few years since, the course of this mighty river was changed from the neighborhood of Kaifung, three hundred miles above its mouth, and a new channel was established, leading into the Gulf of Pechele, three hundred and eighty miles in a straight line northwest of its old outlet. But this channel has not been established without the most terrible inundations of the low and level delta of the Hoang Ho. This delta covers all the northeastern portion of China south of the "Great Wall," and north of Hangchau and Honan.

Nor has this been the first nor the greatest occasion when this unbridled and destructive river, fed by the melting snows of the Mongolian plateaus, has deserted its bed and sought out new outlets to the sea. According to the oldest Chinese records, the Hoang Ho, previous to the time of the "Great Yu," which was about 2200 years before Christ, pursued a totally different course from the place of its crossing the northern boundary of China into Mongolia. At this place it emptied into a vast lake half the size of the Persian Gulf, which in turn connected eastwardly with another vast lake stretching to Pekin, from which the drainage found an outlet into the northwestern

angle of the Gulf of Pechele, near Tienjin. The "Great Yu"—whether this be the name of a monarch or the personification of a great nation—turned the river southward four hundred miles, between the provinces of Shensi and Shansi, to Fuchan, whence he conducted it eastward two hundred and seventy-five miles to Kaifung. At Kaifung the river divided, one main outlet stretching east-southeast to the Yellow Sea, and several others winding toward the northwest and debouching in the Gulf of Pechele. The area included between the new and the old channels was not less than 280,000 square miles, or about equal to all the New England and Middle States of our Union.

Since the time of Yu, the Hoang Ho has made extensive changes in its bed not less than eight times previously to the last change. The great delta has been cut in every direction. Sometimes the exclusive outlet of the river has been by one or more mouths in the Gulf of Pechele; at others it has been exclusively in the Yellow Sea, and at still others the river has had outlets in both directions. The Yangtse has participated to some extent in these wanderings. In the mean time, the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechele have been filling up with sediments. In many places the shore line has traveled one hundred feet per year for the last two thousand years. In other places the change is not over thirty feet per year. This effect is probably in part due to a slow rising of the eastern border of the continent. Such a rising is felt at numerous places. The island of Tsung-Ming, at the mouth of the Yangtse, which now has a population of half a million, did not exist in the fourteenth century. Beaches of recent shells are seen in the south of China, many feet above the present sea-level. Similar beaches are found on the Japanese Islands from fifty to

one thousand feet above the sea. On the island of Formosa, such beaches occur at an elevation of one thousand one hundred feet. A Dutch fort, built in 1634 upon an island detached from Formosa, is now some distance inland, and stands in the center of a large city.

Such are indications of a gradual emergence of the eastern border of the continent, producing a very considerable extension of the land. The growth, of the land is, however, only approaching a condition which has heretofore existed. The records and traditions of the Chinese carry us back to a time when Corea was continuous westwardly with the main land. The Gulf of Pechele and the Yellow Sea had no existence. The great Delta-plain extended to the Japanese Islands. Indeed, the hydrographic maps of the Chinese waters demonstrate that the continental surface extends strictly to the submerged ridge running through Niphon, Lew-Chew and Formosa. Here is the proper rim of the basin of the Pacific. Traditions exist of the former extension of the continent far toward this limit. Here, then, is an area equal to the half of Europe, over which the forefathers of our race extended their migrations, on which they built cities and founded dynasties, and which the race have lived to see sunken beneath the Pacific, and the memory of which had been almost forgotten.

Shall we point to still another example? Southeast of Asia lies the great Malay Archipelago. It includes the great islands of Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippines and New Guinea. Still further southeast is the continent of Australia. The numberless islands of this Archipelago are mostly but the higher eminence of an ancient prolongation of the Asiatic Continent that has been sunken by volcanic action. All around through Sumatra and Java to Mindinao and the

Philippines is a chain of active and extinct volcanoes, from whose craters incalculable volumes of molten matter have been ejected, even during the historic period of our race. The island of Java alone is the site of forty-seven of these volcanic vents. To supply eruptions of such magnitude, has undermined the solid crust throughout all the neighboring region. The southern angle of the continent has sunken till its valleys lie from fifty to one hundred fathoms below the level of the sea, while its mountains stand even up to the chin in water. The sunken area is four thousand miles in length from east to west, and thirteen hundred in breadth from north to south.

This subsidence has transpired during the modern epoch of geological history. Not only birds and insects, but reptiles and ponderous quadrupeds, that once had liberty to range over the continental surface, are now restricted to isolated islands, whose limits are even yet becoming narrower. The eastern portion of the Malay Archipelago, however, is separated from the western by a deep ocean channel. New Guinea, Ceram and Timor present the same alliances with Australia as the other islands do with Asia. As the species of the Indo-Malayan Archipelago exhibit a divergence from the Asiatic shore, so those of the Austro-Malayan Archipelago declare their descent from Australian progenitors. Even the human races reveal the same affinities and bespeak the same migrations. We are led thus to the following conclusion:

At some period in the history of our species, when the Australian and the Malayan race-types had already come into existence, the Australian held possession of the Australian Continent in all its former extent. At the same time the Malay wandered down the Asiatic Peninsula as far as Borneo, and found its further progress intercepted by the deep sea dis severing the two

continents. Each race continued to occupy its own continent, and, as the ocean gradually encroached, held possession of the emergent elevations, till science opened its eyes upon questions of geology and race and distribution, and reproduced the vicissitudes of a continental history, which man, though a spectator of the whole, had long since forgotten.

Our race has moved in the midst of the grand phenomena of terrestrial revolutions. There was a time when the Orient was united to the Occident by an isthmus which then held the place of Behring's Straits. This may have been at the time when the bottom of the Yellow Sea was dry land. Then the Siberian mammoth wandered into British-America. Then, probably, the Aztec made the first discovery of the continent, and, in the lapse of ages, wandered over its length and breadth. The vicissitudes of ages brought extinction to the mammoth; but the Indian perpetuates his memory in tradition.

During the last epoch, the Scandinavian Peninsula has been isolated from the main land of Europe; the British Islands have been excised from the continent; the extremity of South America has been worn to a ruin; and the outstanding islands about Cape Horn are but the monuments which perpetuate its memory. When the Aztec wandered first down the Valley of the Mississippi, he probably found the prairies of Illinois beneath the waters of Lake Michigan. He paddled his canoe through the streets of Bloomington, and watched for the muskallonge above the public squares of Springfield.

Judging from the monuments of the Stone Age of our race, man has even

been the witness of the continental glacier which spread over Europe and wrought the last renovation of the surface preparatory to his advent. He followed the retreating glacier to the shores of Lapland, perpetuating his characteristic from age to age; and while we wonder over the mystery of the apparition and migrations of our species, the representative of primeval man still gazes as of old upon the retreating glacier, now hovering over the arctic borders of Finland. Further south, a more enlightened type of the species watches the disappearance of the last vestiges of the glacier vanishing up the slopes of the Alps. The history of the race has not gone back to the reign of ice. The reign of ice, like the mammoth, has come down to the age of man.

Thus, when we look attentively upon the phenomena transpiring in the presence of our race, we find ourselves living in the midst of geological history. Grand geological events no longer recede into the infinite past. Though earlier events reach back over ages uncomputed, the grand revolutions which have made the surface what it is are brought down within our grasp. We feel that we have a hold of geologic time. We can compass the requisites of stupendous events that transform continents. We feel relief in emerging from the mysteries of the unfathomable past and setting our feet upon geologic intervals which reveal their limits and their bounds. Man rises to a higher altitude. He grasps a larger thought; he feels his way closer to the Infinite purposes; he is conscious of it, and exults anew in his intelligent existence.

FOUND DROWNED.

BY A. T. FREED.

AM the son of English parents, and I was born in Grimsby, a pretty little village on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in Canada West, in the year 1835. My father was a clergyman, who emigrated to Canada, with some vague idea of transforming the English-speaking inhabitants of that colony, of all creeds, into faithful Episcopalian; and I suspect that he occasionally had visions of an archiepiscopal palace. He was an earnest, faithful man, indefatigable in laboring in his calling, and not disposed to be disheartened when he found his hopes unlikely to be realized. He was much away from home, as a large section of country was under his supervision; but his salary was by no means adequate to the labor he performed. He built a house to look exactly like a castle (if you had a powerful imagination and had never seen the genuine article—as most of the neighbors had not); but the mural decorations would insist on blowing down in every high wind, and the paint was equally obstinate in coming off and showing that the stone-work was nothing but wood.

My mother was an invalid from my earliest recollection, and I was left very much to my own resources for amusement. When about five years old I was sent to school, more for the purpose of being kept out of mischief, I suspect, than with any expectation that I would learn any thing. And, indeed, it seemed to make little difference whether I went to the school-room or strolled off into the woods to gather flowers. I think the latter pursuit engrossed more of my time than the former.

My constant companion, at school or away, was Mary Graham, the daughter of one of our neighbors, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired angel of something less than my own age. She was the most fearless child I ever saw. There was no dark and unknown woodland path she feared to explore, no steep acclivity she would not scale.

The summer months ran gaily on, and Mary and I took many more lessons from the kindly book of nature than from the schoolmaster. We generally managed to get home before nightfall; but if we did not, no great concern was felt for us by our parents, as we were pretty sure to be safely domiciled at some of the neighbors' residences—for we were great favorites all through the village.

One day we strolled as far as the lake, a distance of two or three miles. A boat lay at the wharf, and Mary and I, not having the fear of the great deep before our eyes, clambered into it and began to rock. I remember being somewhat afraid, and of endeavoring to restrain Mary, who only laughed at me and rocked the more. Then we took the lunches we always carried to school from our little basket, and as we ate we amused ourselves by throwing crumbs to the perch that came boldly up and took the bread almost from our fingers. Presently the bottom, which was clearly discernible through the limpid water, seemed to be moving. I noticed this some time before I began to reflect that the ground must be stationary and that we were moving. I looked up and saw, to my dismay, that we had drifted quite away from the

wharf, and were being carried still farther out into the lake. Mary and I both called out as loud as we could; but there was no one near enough to hear. There was a tin dish in the boat, used for bailing it out, and I endeavored, by the aid of this, to row in to shore; but without avail, as, in addition to the current, we were now driven off by a gentle breeze. As the land grew more and more distant, and we began to realize that we were surely beyond help, we grew frightened enough; Mary, as well as I, lost courage, and we both cried till we sank down into the bottom of the boat and fell asleep.

When I woke it was night; Mary was still sleeping. There was no moon, but the stars were radiantly beautiful. The breeze had entirely died away, and the lake was as smooth as glass. I looked down, and the sky was reflected so perfectly in the still water that it seemed as if the world had been snatched from beneath our feet and we were hanging suspended in the very center of the universe.

I don't know whether I fell asleep again or whether I lay awake, watching the wonderful scene before me; but a considerable time must have elapsed when I heard a voice call out, "Boat ahoy, there!" I looked up and saw a vessel but a little distance from us, but I made no answer. Again the voice said, "Boat ahoy, there! what boat is that?" I did not know what to say, but made some answer; and soon I saw two men standing on the vessel's deck, and in a few moments they were joined by a third. "What the devil can it be?" one of them asked. "Bless me if I can tell," the other replied.

All this time it seemed that the vessel was coming toward us; but when it got pretty near it appeared to pass by. The fact was that the schooner was at anchor, and we were drifting out past her. As we got opposite her bow, a

voice, different from the one that had spoken before, called out:

"Who is in that boat?"

"It's me," I replied, in a shrill treble.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Wallie."

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm in the boat," I answered, honestly enough.

The man laughed, and said something in a lower voice to his companions; and pretty soon I saw two men pulling a boat round the stern of the schooner. They took us on board, and soon learned all we could tell concerning ourselves and how we came to be voyaging alone on the lake in an open boat.

"Well," said our interlocutor, when he had done questioning us, "I am going to Niagara. When we get there, we will see what can be done."

We were provided with a bed, and were soon asleep. When we woke, the schooner was moving slowly along before a light breeze; and during the day we arrived at Niagara.

During the short voyage, the captain of the schooner paid a great deal of attention to us. He was very young—not more than eighteen, I should think. He said that his father owned the schooner and several others; that his name was Showler; that his father belonged to the firm of Henderson & Showler; and that when he came of age he was to be admitted as a partner. I was not at all pleased with the attentions he showed to Mary; and when, at length, he called her his little sweetheart, I grew quite angry. This seemed to please him exceedingly. He laughed, and said he supposed I would challenge him when we got on shore. I did not know what he meant; but remained angry with him till we landed and were safely housed with good, motherly Mrs. Henderson. This lady took a great deal of interest in us. She had no children of her own; and it seemed

that she could not do too much to make our stay at Niagara agreeable to us. At the end of two days Captain Showler came for us, and we bade adieu to our kind hostess with considerable regret. The next day we reached Grimsby. The captain, during the voyage, made love most audaciously to Mary; and she—little coquette that she was!—declared she loved him much better than she did me. At this my indignation knew no bounds; but I could devise no means of punishing the offending pair.

I must pass rapidly over the ten years of my life which followed the events just narrated. During that time I went to school pretty regularly. When I was seven or eight years old Mr. Graham removed from Grimsby; and in a few years, with new associations and new ideas crowding upon me, Mary's image gradually faded from my memory. In those years, too, I lost my mother—not, however, till she had lived long enough to instill into my mind lessons of wisdom and truth, which, I trust, I have not wholly forgotten or neglected.

In the year 1841 my father was removed to another field of duty, in Toronto; but as he did not wish at once to begin house keeping, I went to reside with an uncle in Niagara. On the first Sunday after my arrival there I went to church, and was much impressed with the music. One voice in particular—a sad, pleading, alto voice—I could always hear. I turned round and tried to pick out the singer, but could not; though I was nearly convinced she must be a little, old, dumpy woman, in a faded velvet bonnet, and I was much discontented therewith. Still the tones kept ringing in my ears; and as I walked home I would pick up the music where I had been able to distinguish the alto voice, and hum over and over again:

"Incline our hearts to keep this law."

My aunt was nearly blind. During

the afternoon I read to her from a religious book; but after a while she said I must be tired, and I put it away.

After tea I went out for a ramble along the river bank, and on my way I was attracted by an old weather-beaten sign, bearing the names "Henderson & Showler." It looked familiar, but I could not recall the events which made it so; and I stood for some time gazing quite earnestly at the board and the large, ungainly old building which bore it. As I stood and looked, a voice close beside me said:

"Handsome, isn't it?"

I turned, and in a moment I remembered when and under what circumstances I had seen the sign. The man beside me was Captain Showler. I knew him in a moment. He was not so old as I should have expected. He wore heavy whiskers, and yet the face was the very same as that of the young captain whom I had disliked so much ten years before. I answered at once that it was not the beauty of the place which attracted my notice, but that it reminded me of an event in my early history of considerable interest to me. I supposed that Captain Showler would not remember me; but he either knew me or divined who I was, and at once asked after his little sweetheart. As I showed a disposition to proceed, he fell in step with me, and we strolled along the river bank for some time. He professed great interest in me; but I thought I disliked him as much as ever.

When I returned to the house the lamps were lighted, and a young lady was reading to my aunt. She glanced up when I entered; but I think my aunt did not hear me, for she did not introduce me, and the young lady went on with her reading. I sat down by the window and looked out into the gathering night. But as I looked I listened, and became quite sure that the voice I heard was that alto voice which had so

carried me away at church. It was a sweet, earnest voice. There was heart and soul in it. It dwelt so fondly on the tender and sweet words, and seemed so lovingly to caress every kind and good sentence, that I thought I should never tire of hearing it. How happy I would be if such a voice would come and read or talk to me! And then, as the evening fell, the voice blended with the Sabbath silence of the gloaming and the sad sweetness of the church-bell, that seemed to be a part of the shadowy, dreamy, wonderful presence of the saddest, sweetest time that comes to human soul.

So I listened without hearing a word, and dreamed without thinking. But how was it that I wandered away in fancy to my early, happy childhood's days? Why did my recollections all turn to the little schoolroom at Grimsby? to the stream that glided through our garden? to the pine trees, with the sad, soft summer breezes dallying with their swaying plumes, and sighing solemn lullabies to the neighboring dead, recking nothing of the long green grass upon their narrow mounds, or of the awe that brooded in the Sabbath sunshine and lingered around their quaint tombstones, bowed with age and wrinkled by the ungentle hand of time? Why did I again tread the long-forgotten woodland paths, and watch the great wheel of the mill? What was there to bring up visions of a fire-place, with a great wood fire, and Mary Graham and I watching for pictures in the coals?

At length my uncle entered, and the reading ceased. In the course of the conversation that followed, I was referred to; and my aunt, apologizing for her negligence, introduced me to "Miss Graham."

"Miss Graham!" I said. "Not"—

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with vivacity; "your *compagnon du voyage* on the occasion of your first visit to Niagara; and now, if you will be my com-

pagnon du voyage as far as my mother's, I will be obliged to you."

I was delighted to escort her, and still I was somewhat pained at the sudden levity she assumed; but when she turned to take leave of my aunt, she spoke so gently, so kindly, that I forgot the momentary uneasiness. When we reached the street, she took my arm almost before I offered it, pulled her shawl over her hand, for it was growing chilly, accommodated her step to mine (I had not learned how to walk with a lady then), and opened the conversation, asking questions and then talking on before I could answer, and volunteering information which changed, before I could comprehend what she meant, into something else. At length we reached her mother's house. It was a pretty little cottage near the river, with a shrubbery and some flowers in front. Her father had been dead a good many years, she said, and she and her mother lived alone. I must come and see them—they were always at home; and, with a pretty little shudder, it was getting cold, and she would catch cold if she stood there, and so good night—and she was gone.

Did the sweetness of the "good night" compensate for the neglect to ask me in?

I was pained, mortified, pleased—I, yes, I certainly was surprised to find her such a woman grown. Why, I was her senior by a year; yet I was like a child when talking to her. She took the lead in conversation. She knew so much, was so collected, so ready, so quick, that I was quite ashamed of myself. Then I doubted if she wished me to call. I did not think she wanted me to see her home except as a matter of convenience. In short, I grew quite angry, and resolved I would never go near her. But the next day Mary and her mother called at my uncle's, and Mrs. Graham made me promise that I would call and take tea with

her. And I went, that time and many others.

It would occupy too much time to tell all the events of the next three years. Suffice to say that Mary and I became more and more intimate; and, almost without knowing it, we found ourselves engaged to be married. I had been employed as clerk in my uncle's store, and it was understood that when I attained my majority I was to have an interest in the business. It was understood between Mary and me that our marriage was to be deferred till that time.

I spent my evenings pretty regularly at Mrs. Graham's, and was in Mary's society continually. I ought to have been happy, and was so, measurably. But I could not help feeling a little uneasy at times at the airs of superiority Mary would assume, and the sarcastic cutting things she would say about me. She was superior to me, I felt that—better educated, and with greater shrewdness and knowledge of the world; but I thought it was not generous in her to make it so manifest. At other times, however, she would be so kind and affectionate that the recollection of her flippancy would quite pass away; and then I was entirely happy.

During these three years I frequently saw Mr. Showler. In fact, he rather forced himself upon me; for at first I shunned him. But he seemed such a good-natured, free, pleasant man, that gradually my prejudice wore away, and we grew quite intimate.

So the days followed each other, and the months stretched into years, till at length I attained my majority, and was admitted an equal partner with my uncle in his business. And now, when I pressed Mary to name the day for our union, she seemed strangely reluctant to do so. In vain I entreated, in vain I remonstrated. She would neither name a day nor give a reason for not doing

so. Her conduct seriously annoyed me; she was so indifferent, so pettish, and so unreasonable. Then suddenly, without any apparent cause, she changed to the opposite extreme—grew so fond, so loving, and so amiable, that I was quite transported; and now, at my first mentioning the matter, she fixed a date for our wedding not two weeks distant. I was overjoyed at this; but the time was so short it would scarce suffice for the necessary preparations. It was needful that I should go to Toronto before our wedding, to settle some business with my father and make some purchases; and this visit was unavoidably postponed till the very week fixed for the ceremony.

At length my business was completed, and I went on board the steamer once more which was to take me to Niagara. It seems a dream to me now, how I stood on the deck watching the sparkling waves stretching dimly blue away to the eastern horizon, bounded on all other sides by the distant hills.

When we reached the town, how eagerly I trod the path to the little cottage among the evergreens! How nervously I rapped at the door! A stranger opened it. She seemed to know me, for she stood aside and allowed me to enter, which I did, as a matter of course, without being invited. The parlor door stood open. How was this? A sick bed! Some body sick! Several ladies were there. As I stood irresolute, there was a whispered consultation, one lady saying, in an excited manner, "No, no! By no means!" But the faint voice of Mrs. Graham said, "Yes, let him come in."

I entered, and found Mrs. Graham upon her bed. She appeared to motion to the ladies, who withdrew, leaving us two alone. I hastened to the bedside and took her hand. As I began hurriedly to inquire after her health, she motioned me to sit down; and then,

speaking with difficulty, and pausing at every word, she said :

"It is best—that I—should tell you." A long pause, breathing hard and moaning with pain. "How can I tell you? Water."

I gave her a drink. She closed her eyes, rested awhile, then resumed :

"Last night—no—never mind that—this morning—she's gone—with Mr. Showler."

"Gone!" I cried, "with Mr. Showler! Why, you don't—you can't—But where—God in Heaven—where?"

She reached forth her pale, thin hand and took mine.

"Sit down—east—they went east. You must—not—follow. I forbid it—I am dying—I forbid it."

Here she paused for a long time. I thought she had fallen into a sleep, and began gently to draw my hand from hers, but she opened her eyes and went on.

"If you—ever see her—no—I don't—mean that,—send her word—let her know—I—forgive her—I—." Here she opened her eyes suddenly and looked toward the door. "Call—"

I comprehended the truth in a moment—she was dying. I hastily opened the door. The ladies came in.

I have no wish, had I the power, to describe my feelings on learning of the infidelity of her whom I had expected so soon to make my wife. I suffered deeply; and I may say that the wound inflicted then has saddened my whole life.

I started on a tour West, on foot, staying but a short time at any place. I wandered aimlessly from Detroit to Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; from there through Columbus to Cleveland. By this time winter had come on, and as I had taken little money with me, and would not write home for more, I procured a situation, after some difficulty, as proof-reader on a morning paper. In a few weeks I had succeeded

in earning money sufficient for present necessities, and as my unsettled habits were strong upon me, I began to grow restless again, and had pretty well made up my mind to "move on." It was the Christmas week, and I was debating with myself whether I would go to Toronto to see my friends, or go at once to New York, where I hoped, in the whirl of busy life, to bury myself where my trouble would not find me again.

It was a fierce winter day. The western wind came howling off Lake Erie as if it would tear the very paving stones out of the streets. As we sat at dinner, some one came in and said a schooner had just been driven on the breakwater and all on board were lost. Several of us put on our coats and ran down to the harbor. The lake was lashed into a foam by the fury of the blast, and the scud was flying in sheets through the air. The lighthouse was sometimes invisible. The flying scud froze wherever it touched, and all the buildings near the water were covered with ice; some of them were so heavily loaded that they were crushed beneath the weight. The telegraph wires were broken down, and a portion of the railroad track had been washed away. A great gap had been made in the breakwater by the beating of the waves, and near this gap was a schooner fast going to pieces. Several men in boats, inside the breakwater, were trying to save the crew, and eventually succeeded in rescuing all save two. These two nearly succeeded in saving themselves, when a furious blast swept them away into the foaming water, and they were lost in a moment.

It was now growing dark, and I returned to my work. The wind howled and raved more fiercely than ever. It beat its way along with a noise like heavy guns at a distance, as if fierce conflicts of infuriated demons were taking place in the air. All the evening a dreadful gloom was on me. I

could not shake it off. I saw the wrecked schooner trembling before the beatings of the storm, and could not forget the poor puny mortals flung in mute helplessness to the mad waves.

We quit work about twelve o'clock. The wind, it seemed, was higher than ever. The cold was intense. Only a few broken clouds were swiftly flying across the sky. I passed up the street on which the office was situated, to Seneca street; thence my route lay down Seneca, across Main, and up Pearl, on which my boarding-house was situated. As I passed along Seneca street, I watched the white clouds passing swiftly over the face of the moon, making it appear as if the moon were flying and the clouds stationary. One bright star a little to the west of the moon was, it seemed, running away from her; and I watched it till I gained an interest in its fate, and I cried out, "Hurry on, little star! Hurry on!"

As I said this, I stepped past the corner on to Main street; but the blast struck me as I did so, and carried me into the gutter. I struggled back with some difficulty, and was preparing to make another essay to cross the street, when a female, in a thin white dress, suddenly came round the corner, almost running against me. A flimsy summer shawl was pulled close about her spare thin figure, and a handkerchief was tied over her head. I think she was partially intoxicated.

"Oh, Lord!" she said coarsely, "it's cold! I've been in d—d bad luck to-night, and —"

Here she turned her face to me, and, with a suppressed scream, cowered for a

moment almost to the pavement, then turned and ran swiftly across Main street.

It was Mary Graham!

I stood for a few minutes trembling and helpless, while the white figure went hurrying down the street, when suddenly the thought struck me—"The water!—she is running toward the water!"

I started in pursuit; but she had gained a block already, and was flying down Seneca street—just, it seemed to me, as the little star was flying through the white, cold clouds. I cried to her to stop, for God's sake; but she only ran the faster. Down, down, down. The canal bridge was passed, and the Erie street depot. We were on the wharf, and the flying suds dashed in our faces. The tempest caught us fairly, and it stopped Mary for an instant, and in that instant I sprang to her side, and almost laid my hand upon her dress, when I stumbled and fell. The next moment she darted away again, and when I rose she was on the lighthouse pier, running out—out—to the very end. The waves dashed over her. Her dress and hair shuddered in the fierce blast. At the end of the pier she paused for a moment—a moment only; then, mingling with the spray, she was swept away by the tempest, and I saw her no more.

The next day the body of an unknown female was found on the river bank near Chippewa. No facts were elicited at the Coroner's inquest concerning the deceased or the manner of her death; and the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY: Its Physical Geography. Including sketches of the Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology and Mineral Resources; and of the Progress of Development in Population and Mineral Wealth. By J. W. Foster, LL.D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; joint author of "Foster & Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Regions;" Lecturer on Physical Geography and Cognate Sciences in the University of Chicago; etc. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

Here is a book of 430 pages, by a Western man, published by a Western house, on the Great Western Valley, which will attract the attention of the scientific every where, and will be read with avidity by all intelligent Americans and with special interest by the people of the West. It is written in a clear, condensed, transparent style, free from technicalities unintelligible to the general reader; and the subjects and mode of treatment invest it with the charm and interest of the best works of fiction. The work is divided into thirteen chapters. The first chapter treats of the Mississippi River, its magnitude, depth and slope, length, subordinate basins, tributaries, overflow, outlets, geological character of its bed, levees, bluffs, area of alluvium and of the delta, typical forms of vegetation, and earthquake action in the Mississippi Valley. The second chapter treats of mountains and plains, character of the water-sheds—the Appalachian Range, the Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, the Cascade and the Coast Ranges, and the Great Basin—character of the main valleys, and internal navigation; closing with sixteen pages on the Pacific Rail-

roads. The third and fourth chapters treat of the origin of prairies, discarding the old theories that they are due to peat growth, to the texture of the soil, or to annual fires, and showing that they are the result of the unequal distribution of moisture, modified by temperature. The author divides North America into five zones of vegetation growing out of climactic conditions, viz:

1. The region of mosses and saxifrages, north of latitude 60°.

2. The densely-wooded region stretching from sixty degrees north to the Gulf of Mexico. The western line of this forest belt passes west of the head of Lake Superior, along the west shore of Lake Michigan, and is protracted southwest into eastern Texas. Spruce-fir forms its northern, and magnolia and palmetto its southern, extension. The American forests have about a hundred and twenty different species, while the European have only thirty-four.

3. Alternate wood and prairie, including the region between the eastern shore of Lake Michigan and the eastern slope of the Missouri Basin in Iowa, latitude 42° north, longitude 95° west; thence the western boundary is protracted a little west of south toward the mouth of the Rio Grande. The boundaries are not well defined, as trees line the valleys of the great rivers to within a few hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains.

4. Vast grassy plains, with trees restricted to the immediate banks of the streams, between the Missouri River and the base of the Rocky Mountains. As we go west, artemisia, cactus and buffalo grass prevail.

5. Vast arid plains, often bare of vegetation, and covered to some extent

with saline incrustations. This zone includes the Great Basin and the Colorado Desert, occupying the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, extending from the head of the Gulf of California to north latitude 42°. Hot springs and salt lake courses abound, including the Great Salt Lake. In Nye county, Nevada, millions of tons of salt could be shoveled up, lying dry and pure upon the surface, varying in depth from six inches to three feet. In California, periodical rains vary the conditions of moisture and of the forms of vegetation.

The sources of moisture and the amount of rain-fall in different parts of the country are stated. His conclusions are, that the Gulf of Mexico is the source of the rains which water the Great Valley, distributed by the trade winds, which are deflected by the high table-lands of Mexico up the Mississippi Valley. This explains why the greatest rain-fall occurs along the shores of the Gulf; why the western plains, during spring and summer, are almost as well watered as the Atlantic Slope; why the Great Basin of the Colorado Desert, within the zone of the southwest winds, are dry; and why, during the prevalence of the southern winds, the Mississippi Valley has an almost tropical climate. The winds, as an agent in distributing moisture, explain all the phenomena of forest, prairie and desert. The fourth chapter is devoted to showing that the theory of causes which determine vegetation, climate, etc., in North America, holds good in South America and the Eastern Hemisphere. The fifth chapter is devoted to forest-culture and irrigation, and the effects of forests on health and animal life; showing how they modify climate and retain moisture; and that by disrobing countries of forests whole regions have been desolated. Tree-planting, especially in prairie regions, is the remedy for drought and excessive winds. Chapter sixth is de-

voted to climate; chapter seventh to cultivated plants; chapters eighth, ninth and tenth, to the geology and mineral resources of this whole region; and the three concluding chapters to the influence of climate upon man, the origin of civilization, and the progress of development of the great Northwest, from the adoption of the ordinance of 1787.

Want of space prevents as extended a notice as we would desire of Col. Foster's great work on the Physical Geography of the Great Valley. The book is an honor to Western literature, and Western book-making; its mechanical execution surpasses that of any book ever produced in the West, and is a fit casket for the rich treasures it contains; and, in all respects, it is a work in which every friend of Western literature may well feel a common pride.

ASTRONOMY WITHOUT A TELESCOPE: A Guide Book to the Visible Heavens; with all necessary Maps and Illustrations. Designed for the use of Schools. By E. Colbert. Chicago: Geo. & C. W. Sherwood. 1869.

This work is elementary, and the most interesting and instructive introduction to the study of astronomy published. It treats chiefly of the visible heavens, and will enable the diligent student to recognize readily the most prominent stellar groups. The motions of the heavenly bodies are clearly explained, and directions given for ascertaining, by the naked eye, the positions of the principal stars with reference to the meridian, the horizon and each other. It adopts the only rational method in the study of astronomy, by beginning with things visible and patent to all who have eye-sight, and leading the student by attractive lessons through the simpler elements to the more difficult problems in astronomy, to the subject of eclipses and the measurement of absolute distances and bulks, and the comparative

weights of some of the heavenly bodies. The tables of fixed stars and the actual distances and volumes and other elements of the orbits of the chief members of the solar system, laws of planetary motion, etc., will interest the more advanced student. The maps are small and simple, and not encumbered with painted figures, but contain merely a faint outline of the form of the constellation, and are so arranged that it is easy to find any particular star, or to trace the course of a planetary body; and the explanatory text is adjacent to, or near, the maps. As an introductory work for common schools, it is worthy of general adoption; and the Chicago Board of Education has very properly decided upon its use as a text book in the High School.

NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE. By Rev. Daniel March, D.D., author of "Walks and Homes of Jesus." Chicago: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co. Sold only by subscription.

An octavo of 450 pages, most elegantly bound in empaned Turkish morocco and gold, with excellent typography on choice cream-tinted paper, gilt-edged, and twelve full-page illustrations.

"Light out of darkness" expresses the design of the twenty-six sketches which make up the contents of this book. Beginning with the last night of Sodom, the author describes the memorable night-scenes mentioned in the Scriptures—Abraham's night vision at Beersheba when he was ordered to sacrifice his son Isaac; Jacob's night at Bethel, while fleeing from his brother Esau; his wrestling with the angel at Peniel twenty years afterward, on his return from Padanaram with his family and flocks; the last night of the Israelites in Egypt, when the death-angel smote the first-born in every Egyptian household; the night-passage of the Red Sea, when the cloudy pillar was dark to Pharaoh's host, but gave light to the Hebrews; Saul's night with the Witch of Endor;

David at the River Jordan, fleeing from Saul; Elijah in the desert; Jonah at Nineveh; the night-watch in Mount Seir; the night of weeping; the night-feast of Belshazzar; a night with Jesus at Jerusalem; on the mountain; on the sea of Galilee; the last night of the feast; the night of Peter's temptation; the night of Christ's agony; the night after the resurrection; the fishermen's night of fruitless toil; the angel's visit to Peter in prison; Paul and Silas in prison at Phillipi; Paul's night on the deep; the teachings of night; and the night in Heaven.

These themes the author has used as texts for well-written discourses, which will interest all lovers of Bible literature. The style is highly poetic and attractive, and the graces of rhetoric throw a charm around the most familiar scenes in sacred history. It is a book for the parlor and sitting room, and a pleasant companion for every family.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE. By W. S. Trench. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: Western News Company. 1869.

This little book of 300 pages, 12 mo., contains a series of sketches of actual occurrences within the personal knowledge of the writer, from 1821 to 1868, including his school days and while acting as manager on several Irish estates. Though written from the standpoint of the landlords, it appears to be as candid a statement of facts as could be expected from one whose interests were identified with the landlord class. The sketches—twenty-two in number—are graphically written, and have all the interest of a personal narrative embracing the history of the most exciting times. They give a clearer insight into Irish character and the real condition of the Irish people for the last forty years, in a more readable and interesting style, than any thing we have lately seen.

